

# The Psychological Review:

A COSMOPOLITAN ORGAN OF

*Spiritualism and Psychological Research.*

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MAY, 1882.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

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### SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

We have received the circular in which the new Society declares its position and sets forth its scheme of work. This document we reproduce in its entirety, and on it we respectfully offer a few remarks:—

### SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

It has been widely felt that the present is an opportune time for making an organised and systematic attempt to investigate that large group of debateable phenomena designated by such terms as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic.

From the recorded testimony of many competent witnesses, past and present, including observations recently made by scientific men of eminence in various countries, there appears to be, amidst much illusion and deception, an important body of remarkable phenomena, which are *prima facie* inexplicable on any generally recognised hypothesis, and which, if incontestably established, would be of the highest possible value.

The task of examining such residual phenomena has often been undertaken by individual effort, but never hitherto by a scientific society organised on a sufficiently broad basis. As a preliminary step towards this end, a Conference was held in London, on January 6th, 1882, and a Society for Psychical Research was projected. The Society was defin-

itely constituted on February 20th, 1882, and its Council, then appointed, have sketched out a programme for future work. The following subjects have been entrusted to special Committees:—

1. An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, apart from any generally recognised mode of perception.
2. The study of hypnotism, and the forms of so-called mesmeric trance, with its alleged insensibility to pain; clairvoyance, and other allied phenomena.
3. A critical revision of Reichenbach's researches with certain organisations called "sensitive," and an enquiry whether such organisations possess any power of perception beyond a highly exalted sensibility of the recognised sensory organs.
4. A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, regarding apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise, or regarding disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted.
5. An enquiry into the various physical phenomena commonly called Spiritualistic; with an attempt to discover their causes and general laws.
6. The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.

The aim of the Society will be to approach these various problems without prejudice or prepossession of any kind, and in the same spirit of exact and unimpassioned enquiry which has enabled Science to solve so many problems, once not less obscure nor less hotly debated. The founders of this Society fully recognise the exceptional difficulties which surround this branch of research; but they nevertheless hope that by patient and systematic effort some results of permanent value may be attained.

The Society for Psychical Research is now in a position to invite the adhesion of Members. It is desirable to quote here a preliminary Note, which appears on the first page of the Society's Constitution.

"NOTE—To prevent misconception, it is here expressly stated that Membership of this Society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the physical world, of forces other than those recognised by Physical Science."

The privileges and conditions of membership are defined by Rules IV. and V. as follows:—

Rule IV. The Society shall consist of (a) *Members*, who shall contribute not less than two guineas annually, and who shall be entitled to hold any of the offices of the Society; to vote in the election of the Governing Council, and at all meetings of the Society; to use its Reading Rooms and Libraries; to borrow books from its Libraries; and to the free receipt of any journal, transactions, or periodical publication which may be issued by the Council. (b) *Associates*, who shall contribute not less than one guinea annually, and who shall be entitled to attend all meetings of the Society, except such as are convened for business purposes only; and shall have free access to its Reading Rooms and Libraries.

Rule V. All Members and Associates of the Society shall be elected by the Council. Every candidate for admission shall be proposed in writing by two or more Members or Associates, who, on his behalf, and by his authority, shall assent to the Constitution and Rules of the Society, and consent to abide and be governed by them. One of them shall also certify in writing, from personal knowledge of him, that he is a fit person for admission. Every such certificate having been read and approved at a meeting of the Council, the election shall be proceeded with. The election to be by ballot, and one black ball in six to exclude. The Council shall cause the result to be made known to the candidate, who, if elected, shall be furnished with a certificate of election, and a copy of the Constitution and Rules.

Ladies are eligible either as Members or Associates.

Meetings of the Society will be held from time to time; and the proceedings of the Meetings, or other papers, will be published when occasion requires. Rooms will be taken and a Library opened so soon as the funds of the Society may justify this step.

A list of the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council of the Society, as at present constituted, is subjoined:—

PRESIDENT :

HENRY SIDGWICK, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

Arthur J. Balfour, Esq., M.P., 4 Carlton Gardens, S.W.  
W. F. Barrett, Esq., F.R.S.E., 18 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Dublin.  
John R. Holland, Esq., M.P., 57 Lancaster Gate, London, W.  
Richard H. Hutton, Esq., Englefield Green, Staines.  
Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, M.A., 21 Birchington Road, London, N.W.  
Hon. Roden Noel, 57 Anerley Park, London, S.E.  
Professor Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., Owen's College, Manchester.  
Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq., 31 Queen Anne Street, London, W.

COUNCIL :

W. F. Barrett, 18 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Dublin.  
Edward T. Bennett, The Mansion, Richmond Hill, near London.  
Mrs. Boole, 103 Seymour Place, Bryanston Square, London, W.  
Walter R. Browne, 38 Belgrave Road, London, S.W.  
Alexander Calder, 1 Hereford Square, South Kensington, London, S.W.  
Walter H. Coffin, Junior Athenæum Club, London, W.  
Desmond G. Fitzgerald, 6 Akerman Road, Brixton, S.W.  
Edmund Gurney, 26 Montpelier Square, London, S.W.  
Charles C. Massey, 1 Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.  
Frederic W. H. Myers, Leckhampton, Cambridge.  
Fras. W. Percival, 28 Savile Row, London, W.  
Frank Podmore, 16 Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.  
C. Lockhart Robertson, M.D., Hamam Chambers, 76 Jermyn Street, S.W.  
E. Dawson Rogers, Rose Villa, Church End, Finchley, N.  
Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, 21 Birchington Road, London, N.W.  
Morell Theobald, 62 Granville Park, Blackheath, S.E.  
Hensleigh Wedgwood, 31 Queen Anne Street, London, W.  
G. Wyld, M.D., 12 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.

The Council desire to conduct their investigations as far as possible through private channels; and they invite communications from any person, whether intending to join the Society or not, who may be disposed to favour them with a record of experiences, or with suggestions for enquiry or experiment. Such communications will be treated, if desired, as private and confidential.

Letters relating to particular classes of phenomena should be addressed to the Hon. Secs. of the respective Committees, as follows:—

- (1) Committee on Thought-reading; Hon. Sec., Professor W. F. Barrett, 18 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Dublin.
- (2) Committee on Mesmerism; Hon. Sec., Dr. Wyld, 12 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.
- (3) Committee on Reichenbach's Experiments; Hon. Sec., Walter H. Coffin, Esq., Junior Athenæum Club, London, W.
- (4) Committee on Apparitions, Haunted Houses, etc.; Hon. Sec., Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq., 31 Queen Anne Street, London, W.
- (5) Committee on Physical Phenomena; Hon. Sec., Dr. C. Lockhart Robertson, Hamam Chambers, 76 Jermyn Street, S.W.
- (6) Literary Committee; Hon. Secs., Edmund Gurney, Esq., 26 Montpelier Square, S.W.; Frederic W. H. Myers, Esq., Leckhampton, Cambridge.

Letters of enquiry or application for Membership may be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, EDWARD T. BENNETT, The Mansion, Richmond Hill, near London.

It will be at once seen that the field to be covered is very wide. Mind-reading, Mesmerism, Super-sensuous perception, Clairvoyance, Apparitions, and the phenomena of Spiritualism generally, are entrusted to Committees for special investigation. We have no doubt that these Committees are composed of competent observers, and that they will bring to bear on their special subject both zeal and ability. We shall be at once surprised and pleased if their researches add very materially to the existing knowledge, of which there already exists a large undigested mass. A committee of hard-headed men, not all of whom (in spite of the professed aim of the Society to approach the subject "without prejudice or prepossession of any kind") can be entirely free from bias, does not furnish the best and most hopeful means of investigation. It is easy for such a committee to meet, and, if suitable mediums can be had, they may, by patient and persevering care, obtain evidence. But experience shows that such a body may meet again and again with no practical result. It is, unfortunately, impossible to command phenomena, and many an earnest circle has broken up after successfully demonstrating this fact alone, that under certain conditions, no results have been obtained. We fear that this may be the case with the Committee of the Psychical Society, which proposes to investigate "various physical phenomena commonly called spiritualistic."

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Should this untoward result be the chief one obtained, we should be by no means disposed to despair. The Society may, possibly, be able to throw some light on the conditions favourable to the occurrence of these fugitive phenomena. If it can tell us why in a small family circle, for instance, phenomena the most remarkable will occur with ease and regularity for years, and then will as suddenly disappear, it will have done us a service. If it can point us to the cause why in such a circle the introduction of a fresh member is so disastrous as practically to make it impossible for a stranger to gain admittance to a private circle, we shall have cause to rejoice in such a result of its labours. This at least it can do with some hope of success: it can bring trained and practised minds to bear on what has been too long the sport of the curious, the emotional, and the untrained if not unbalanced mind. If only a Medium can be found capable of furnishing under the very stringent conditions which such a Society will, no doubt, impose, phenomena that can be observed and scientifically tested, the first difficulty will be overcome, and a long stride taken in the direction of success. Is there such a Medium available? We do not know: but we surmise that, after recent events, it will be difficult to find one in this country.

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But even so, the best and most useful work will yet remain in "the collection and collation of existing materials" bearing on "Psychical Research." This, we confess, seems to us to be the field from the



cultivation of which the best crop of results may be expected. If we were to venture on any criticism of the document in which the Society announces its plan, we should be disposed to say that it makes too little of the labours of those many eminent persons who have preceded it, and is a little too much inclined to lay stress on the debatable nature of that large group of phenomena which, having more or less baffled us all hitherto, are now to be put into shape. This may be only an apparent and not a real feeling on the part of the promoters of the S. P. R. But the statement of their position certainly does not contain any appreciatory admission of the labours and researches of those eminent men of science, whose names at once occur to the mind in connection with the very mention of Spiritualism. Moreover, it is a noticeable fact that these names do not appear on the list of Vice-presidents or Council, though it is fair to say that Spiritualism is represented by several experienced investigators, who may be trusted to represent its claims as against the agnosticism or incredulity of some of the members of the Council.

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It is in no spirit of earping criticism that we offer these remarks. The subjects to be approached are surrounded, as "the founders of the Society recognise, with exceptional difficulties." These difficulties are inherent in the nature of the subjects to be investigated, and are not lessened by the methods of investigation which a scientific society will feel bound to adopt. That they may be surmounted, we know : and our hearty good wishes go with any and every intelligent attempt to deal with what we frankly admit needs much elucidation and arrangement. We trust that success will attend the new efforts ; and we feel sure that the measure of success will be increased by careful attention to the results obtained by those into whose labours the Society is about to enter. We do not know who compose the Committee which will do the important work of "collecting and collating existing materials," but in the names of its Secretaries we have an evidence that it contains men of trained literary ability, and it is from its labours that we expect the most valuable results.

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We see that the B.N.A.S. is only so far affected by the formation of the new Society as to change its name and reorganise. We suppose that we must reconcile ourselves to the existence of two societies, one distinctively Spiritualist, one totally non-committal. It would have been well, we should imagine, to unite the experience of the one body with the scientific caution of the other, so that from that union might come an evenly-balanced mixture of the two qualities. But there is, no doubt, room for both : and there must be Spiritualists in sufficient numbers to maintain and support the reorganised B.N.A.S. That association has done a great work in its day. It now prepares itself in the spirit of true wisdom to address itself to the same work under somewhat changed conditions. We wish it every success, and are in no way inclined to think that the formation of a new society, occupying ground so different from its own, will interfere with its special work. Rather we should expect them to be a support to each other. We trust that it may be so.

## WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN ON "SCIENCE &amp; SPIRITUALISM."

The *Free Religious Index* of April 28th, 1881, contained a reply from Mr. W. E. Coleman to certain remarks upon Spiritualism which the Editor had made in a previous issue. These comments seem to have been preferred in a good tempered, fair, and candid spirit, for Mr. Coleman characterises the editorial in question as "one of the fairest presentations which I have seen of the difficulties under which careful, thoughtful scholars labour in endeavouring to arrive at a solution of the problems underlying the 'spiritual' phenomena of the day." The scope of the article in question and the various difficulties raised are sufficiently indicated in Mr. Coleman's reply, which, if I remember aright, has not been before noticed in English journals, and only casually in our transatlantic contemporaries. It, however, contains so much that is valuable and of permanent interest both to Spiritualists and enquirers, that I have ventured to make copious extracts. What he says concerning the "Defects of Spiritualism" is especially worthy of notice, and I fully concur in nearly all that is written. My readers will no doubt call to mind recent utterances of my own, in which I have spoken very much on the same lines. It is, however, a subject to which too much attention cannot be given, and so I do not hesitate in repeatedly reiterating the same truths.

In introducing his subject Mr. Coleman says:—

"Undoubtedly there is much in some of the current phases of Spiritualism to repel the average man of science and the honest, candid seeker after truth in the realms of cultured philosophical analysis and criticism. So I can scarcely blame those who, repelled by the false, repugnant, and even (in some cases) disgusting features of the Spiritualistic movement, as at present conducted, ignore the whole, and decline to undertake the task of unravelling the mystery in which the problem lies enshrouded.

"On the other hand, it is significant that, if I mistake not, no instance is known of a person of scientific or philosophic attainments who, after a *careful and searching* examination of the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism, did not avow his belief—not to say knowledge—of the actuality of the phenomena, in most cases the investigators becoming converts to the 'spiritual' theory of their origin. In some cases, like that of Mr. Crookes, no definite statement is made as to their producing cause; though some of Mr. Crookes's latest utterances thereupon can scarcely be explained, save upon the basis of his belief in their spiritual origin; while in some few other cases, like those of Capt. R. F. Burton and H. G. Atkinson, their non-spiritual origin is plainly affirmed. It will be observed, though, that, in cases of the latter description, those so affirming are usually materialistic or agnostic in their habits of thought,—are dogmatic deniers of the existence of spirit, or of the possibility of our having any knowledge of it, if existent."

Mr. Coleman next proceeds to give a general classification of the phenomena, and to point out that the hasty lumping of all the

different phases of physical phenomena into one class, and assigning them all to one producing power is a great mistake, and one made not only by sceptics, but by a large proportion of Spiritualists. He says :—

“The existence of certain peculiar phenomena is conceded by the *Index*. The questions, then, to be considered are, How are the phenomena produced, and what do they establish or tend to establish concerning the spiritual *status* of man in this life and in the so-called spirit-world? To determine these questions requires very careful scientific investigation and analysis. The great mistake made alike by nearly all Spiritualists and by most sceptics is that of lumping all the different phases of physical phenomena into one class, and assigning them all to one producing power. A large majority of the Spiritualists assert and believe that all, or nearly all, such phenomena are the direct work of disembodied human spirits; and the great body of sceptics deem them all produced by purely material causes, non-spiritual potencies. The truly scientific Spiritualist rigidly scrutinising each class of phenomena, relegates those of each kind to their appropriate causes.”

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“Spiritual and psychical phenomena naturally range themselves under three classes: (1) those due to fraud and imposition (just now quite a large proportion); (2) those due to the action of peculiar powers and forces resident in the human organism, indicative of its possession of a supra-material nature, of faculties transcending those of the ordinary physical man, senses superior to those of ordinary sight, hearing, etc., as manifest in the phenomena of mesmerism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, mind-reading, automatic writing, double consciousness, answering sealed letters, the trance (in general), the ‘double’ or apparitions of the living, unconscious cerebration, and similar abnormal mental states,—also, in my judgment, in many (not all) cases of physical manifestation, as in rapping, table-tipping, planchette-writing, slate-writing, movements of ponderable bodies, and even so-called materialisations of parts or the whole of the human body, all more or less accompanied by intelligence, an intelligence seeming to be an emanation from the minds of the medium and of those present during the occurrence of the phenomena, and usually vague, unreliable, shadowy, misty, conflicting in its expressions and modes of operation; and (3) those due to the direct action of unfleshed intelligences, mostly similar in character to those of the second class, though differing in degree. The phenomena of the second class occur in the presence of, or through the agency of, persons who may be called sensitives, or psychics; those in the third class through mediums, strictly so termed. A sensitive or psychic may be called an undeveloped or semi-developed medium, subject to the influences of those with whom he comes in contact, or of his own mind, thus preventing his successful control by a foreign spirit for the impartation of truth to mankind or other good purpose. A medium is one in whom the influences of his own mentality may be placed in more or less subjection to those of a foreign

intelligence, those also of surrounding minds being kept in abeyance. These and these only are true mediums ; and rarely is it that such true mediumship is exhibited. A medium worthy of the name—not merely a sensitive or psychic—is rarely to be found. Sensitives abound, through whom phenomena occur of a mixed character—partly spiritual in origin, but mostly of the earth, earthy.”

Another important point is what he calls “The Defects of Spiritualism,” of which he says:—

“The *Index* speaks truly in saying that Spiritualism ‘has had its root and sustenance largely in man’s emotional nature, much more largely in this than in any cool, deliberative, investigating activity of reason’; that ‘we do not find very often among Spiritualists those who seem thoroughly competent to investigate, in a purely scientific spirit, the foundations of their faith’; that ‘credulity has certainly been a marked characteristic of Spiritualists as a body’; that ‘so prevalent have fraud and delusion become in connection with Spiritualistic phenomena that the greatest difficulty, at the outset of any investigation, is to get at the exact facts’; and that ‘Spiritualism, as a practical religious faith, seems to us to have somewhat of the same evil that attached to the old Calvinistic theology—an excess of “other-worldliness.”’ All these conclusions are certainly true; but the facts warranting them are due largely to the character of the people to whom the phenomena present themselves, and in whose minds they have to be intelligently digested. What a small portion of the inhabitants of even the most enlightened nations of the earth are trained to anything like a scientific scrutiny of phenomenal occurrences! What do the masses know of rigid philosophical analysis in the domain either of mental or physical phenomena? Owing to the unscientific, unphilosophic, emotional, and sympathetic natures of the bulk of our people, it is inevitable, in the present *status* of the earth, that misconstructions, erroneous conclusions, false logic, shallow reasoning, etc., should be largely the outcome of the present imperfect mode of communication between the material and spiritual universes. Spiritualism has always been crucified in the house of its friends: it has been almost overwhelmed in the circling flood of credulity, superstition, folly, and fanaticism; and at present, in addition to all these, it is nearly engulfed in the whirling maelstrom of fraud and knavery. No matter how much Spiritualists of a certain class may try to cover up these glaring defects and deny their actualities, bolster up fraud and folly by impugning the veracity and honesty of those anxious to purge Spiritualism of its present load of villany and absurdity, the fact of their existence remains a self-evident truth, patent to every impartial, candid, unprejudiced mind. The conclusions and the line of conduct of this class of believers do not, however, constitute the entirety of Spiritualism: if it did, the sooner the whole movement was overthrown, root and branch, the better for mankind. Besides these, there are some, let us be thankful, who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of unreason and stultiloquy,—it may be ‘a remnant, weak and small,’—who endeavour to exercise

careful discrimination in judging of all purported 'spiritual manifestations,' and who desire to apply the 'scientific method' in this as in all other departments of human inquiry and research. Applying this test, we find much in Spiritualism that will not bear the searching light of critical investigation, and so must be cast aside as undemonstrative of the basic fact of spirit communion. What in Spiritualism will not endure the test of the most rigid scrutiny and analytical examination must fall; and the sooner it falls, the better. But, after eliminating all explainable on other grounds, there still remains 'a winnowed residuum' of facts, giving, in my judgment, conclusive evidence of the impact of the spiritual world upon the material."

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The whole matter is thus summarised:—"These facts indicate that matter, as we understand it, does not comprise the all of existence, —that above the sensuous forces and qualities of matter there rise into view higher realms of substance, in which more etherialised and sublimated potencies have sway, said existences and said potencies not being far removed into some distant region of space, but to some extent interblended and commingled with the so-called material realm of earth. While it is true that the spiritual phenomena do belong to 'the mysterious region of the relations between matter and mind,' it is equally true that their province extends further than this. Even now, they 'throw important light on the questions of the human soul's entity as distinct from its physical organism and of personal continuance after death.' Scientifically analysed, there is already enough in the confused jumble of fraud, psychic phenomena, and direct spirit revelation to furnish conclusive proof of the existence of the individual soul after physical death, and its continued progress in wisdom and virtue as the endless ages roll. This much is certain, despite the absurdities and follies, the immoralities and superstitions, incident to the undeveloped condition of our planet, with which Spiritualism has been loaded since its birth thirty-three years ago. It requires the most careful sifting to arrive at the bottom facts; it needs the wisest discrimination to separate the few grains of soul-nourishing truth from the mountains of chaff in which they lie hidden. But, as time advances, and the world progresses, as the scientific method of comparison and investigation becomes more and more dominant, so will the ultimate truths in Spiritualism be conserved, the remainder being swallowed up in the maelstrom of mental oblivion engulfing analogous errors of former systems of thought, theologic and scientific."

JOHN S. FARMER.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several inquiries have been made for the back volumes of the *Psychological Review*, but owing to causes which it is not necessary to mention here, the binders were delayed in finishing their task. Now, however, complete sets or single volumes can be obtained as advertised.

# MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

## CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

“LIGHT” (LONDON).

Full justice is done in our contemporary to the Hon. Roden Noel's new work, “A Philosophy of Immortality.” C. C. M. devotes two long papers to its philosophy, and M.A. (Oxon.) a series of notes to its Spiritualism. Mr. Noel further elucidates his views in a long explanatory paper in which he excepts somewhat to his reviewer's interpretation of his opinions on the nature of the Ego, of perception, and of memory. Mr. Roden Noel is severe on the conditional immortality theory held by some Theosophists;—that *Primitive Calvinism*, as he well dubs it, which reserves immortality for the select few, “though *simulacra* of the majority may have leave to play about and confuse us for a little while after death.” The theory propounded to account for the materialisation phenomena is, we confess, quite beyond our grasp.—There are a series of papers on Prevision, Premonition, Providences, and Impressions, chiefly contributed by Mrs. Nichols, which are a useful collection of facts, and valuable material for a philosophy of the subject. C. C. M. gives a paper on “The Prevision of Trifles,” and Mr. Podmore deals incidentally with the same subject in his address to the B.N.A.S. on “Miracles and Prophecy.”—Mr. Morse, in a paper read before the same Association, deals with “Our Fancies and Our Facts: their Dangers and their Uses.” The evenings with this medium at 38 Great Russell Street, continue to furnish instructive matter for meditation. It is proposed to deal with such subjects as Occultism and Mesmerism. The controlling spirit is already responsible for letting loose on our contemporary a perfect deluge of re-incarnation letters. The subject is closed by a reply of Mrs. Kingsford to Dr. Wyld, which contains some free thoughts expressed in suitable words, but fails altogether to understand or meet the objections of many who regard re-incarnation with disfavour.—S. W. W. records another apparition of a living person, in which nothing followed the strange occurrence. Simply a man and his horse appeared to two people, a gate was heard to open and shut, a voice called out for the stable-key, a large dog bounded out to greet his master, and then horse and rider disappeared, and “the dog seemed to be utterly dismayed at the occurrence,” as well he might! Some hours after the veritable horse and his rider appeared on the scene quite unconscious of the apparition that had preceded.—H. W. caps this with another story originally contributed to the *Spectator*, in 1869, by the Rev. W. L. Clay, Vicar of Rainhill.—The Duke of Argyll's vision, originally published in *Good Words*, is reprinted.—Mrs. Britten delivered, at Ulverston, a reply to the itinerant conjurer who calls himself Stuart Cumberland, which is fairly reported in the *Ulverston Mirror*. The writer describes the peroration as a piece of “passionate and most mar-



vellous eloquence."—*Notes by the Way* form a leading feature in each number, and deal with a great variety of subjects in a condensed manner, which does not admit of further condensation. One set is devoted to the question of prophetic dreams, and a curious and interesting narrative is quoted from the recent experience of one of the writer's friends. Another deals amusingly with the attempt of the *Journal of Science* to fasten on Spiritualism the vagaries of thought in which some Spiritualists indulge. M.A. (Oxon.) protests against being considered personally responsible for any views except those which he holds on Spiritualism as a Spiritualist! It is greatly to be wished that Spiritualists would leave Vaccination, Vivisection, Vegetarianism, Marriage-laws, and the many subjects on which some of their number have "views," to experts who can discuss them from a standpoint of knowledge. We have refused consistently to allow any of these and kindred subjects any place in the *Psychological Review*, save and except in so far as they may at any time bear directly on the subjects which we legitimately deal with.—Much excellent matter is necessarily left unnoticed.

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"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.).

"The Question Answered," is an editorial that is well worth reading. It comments on Ingersoll's most pathetic address by the grave of a little child.—Our contemporary is now a quarter of a century old. During that time what developments has it witnessed; what will it have recorded when, after another quarter of a century, it sums up the work of fifty years!—Dr. J. R. Buchanan defends what he considers the rights of the people from an encroaching medical monopoly. But he does not say anything about an encroaching and ignorant quackery.—Mrs. Richmond gives us an excellent and powerful discourse on "The Moral and Spiritual Harmony of the Universe." It is richer in thought, and depends less on mere elegance of diction, than some of her addresses.—Mr. Colville is superabundant in words, but not so rich in thought. The pressing demands for all these weekly discourses must exhaust the most fertile brain, and tends to do little justice to the source from which the matter comes, whatever that may be. The discourses deal with the coming reform in religion, and the religion of the coming race; with the government of the future, and with that remarkable statement that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.—In August last, application was publicly made to the readers of the *Banner* for certain information as to Spiritualist Societies, the object being to gain some idea of the number of Spiritualists. The returns so obtained are being published from week to week. It is sad, but not surprising, to find that even in the "land of freedom," severe pressure is brought to bear, especially in small communities, and especially by churchmen, against Spiritualism. One "intelligent correspondent" estimates that at least one-twentieth of the people are Spiritualists in conviction, but thousands shrink "from acknowledging



it." Dr. F. Hartmann's reply from Georgetown, Colorado, is much to the point. "I should be pleased to answer the questions propounded in the *Banner of Light*; but as the term 'Spiritualist' is too vague, it is impossible to give a correct estimate. If everybody is a Spiritualist who believes to some extent in spirit-return, then I would estimate the number in Clear Creek County to be at least five thousand. If those are only meant which give to the matter an earnest thought, I would say there are five hundred. If you mean those who attend séances when they have a chance, I would make it fifty; and if you only count those who are willing to be called 'Spiritualists,' there will hardly be five."—We note the publication in Boston of a new quarterly, *Facts*, having for its object the publication without note or comment of the most striking phenomena of Spiritualism. Such a magazine, conducted with discretion and discriminating judgment, should be of great value. We cordially wish the scheme success.—Mr. Wallis is at Chicago, wondering at the size, vigour, energy, and go of the great city. He has been lecturing for a couple of Sundays to the First Society of Spiritualists there.—Slade is at Indianapolis, making journalists and reporters open their eyes, and confess that they cannot explain what they see.—Abbot Walker writes from Hamilton, Mass., a very suggestive letter on mediumship.—J. D. Robbins sends from Terre Haute a letter circumstantially detailing the disappearance of the medium,—the same Mrs. Stewart of whom Col. Olcott recorded a similar incredible fact. The conditions described, and the open investigation invited, engender confidence.

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#### "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).

W. Emmette Coleman gives a touching account of his wife's latter days, and of the various manifestations of her presence given to him both through several San Francisco mediums, and, in particular, in his own room. Mrs. Coleman was a devoted Spiritualist, and her husband, though he is of an eminently critical nature, is not less strong in his belief. His contributions to the *Journal* are always characterised by vigorous common sense, a quality which enhances the value of such testimony as he now gives.—Col. and Mrs. Bundy have been giving a reception to Mr. Wallis, who is lecturing to the First Spiritualist Society. The *Journal* speaks very highly of him, and of his addresses; an estimate fully borne out by that on "The World's Needs: can Spiritualism Supply Them?" which is published at length.—Mr. Charles Bright, the Australian lecturer and journalist, is now in San Francisco, and gives testimony to the evidence he has got from various mediums in that city. He has been welcomed cordially by the Spiritualists at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Winchester, editors of *Light For All*. Mr. Bright, who completed his fiftieth year on that day, is an earnest philanthropist and reformer, as well as a liberal Spiritualist.—"The Need of Harmony" is a powerful editorial, advocating the need for truth first, and peace, if possible, afterwards.—Henry Ward Beecher, it seems, has been

for many years quietly investigating Spiritualism, and has, as he says, "seen many curious and wonderful things, but when you come to the last link, it *never hitched*, there was always a break." It is not a little curious how many minds find themselves in this attitude. The conviction not obtained from the heart is not got from the head with many, who would give much to obtain it.—There is still a deplorable amount of space devoted to various exposures of fraud. When will the Augean stable be cleansed? The appearance of the *Journal* is extremely pleasing to the eye, as its contents are to the mind.

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"THE THEOSOPHIST (BOMBAY)."

G. M., a Hindû Chela, or pupil of a Guru or Master in Occult Science, writes a prolonged paper, to be continued, on the methods whereby a man "may live a thousand years or so!" It is the old story, Will. What is the resisting power necessary to wear out "the struggle of the Kosmic elements to proceed with a career of change," i.e., of the physical body to die, we are not told: but it must be potent. We presume such speculations interest some readers in whom the faculty of Hope or of Faith in the sense of Credulity is largely found.—The Countess of Caithness on certain properties of numbers is reproduced from the *Medium and Daybreak*.—Mr. Oxley defends his views, as expressed in his book, against the criticisms printed in the *Theosophist*, and professes himself to be generally in harmony with the doctrines enunciated in Fragments of Occult Truth. Spiritualism, as popularly understood, Mr. Oxley considers to be in too undeveloped a condition to have a science and philosophy of its own, and he accordingly declines to be treated as its advocate. If he is rightly understood as claiming his translation of the Gita as mediumistically given by a spirit or angel Busiris, he can hardly escape the impeachment, or successfully pose as a Theosophist, though, for our part, we confess to a limited notion of what essential beliefs that name may involve.—This same number contains the second series of Fragments of Occult Truth, called forth by a second letter from Mr. Terry, of Melbourne. In it are discussed the nature of real knowledge, and it is sought to be proved that no phenomena occurring on the plane of matter are anything but illusory, and that the medium is, therefore, an unfit judge of what only the adept can truly discern—a portentous assumption!—Nine weary columns on J. K., Mr. Wallace, and his "legitimate wife." Alas! nine lines would have been amply sufficient. And we are rather disposed to think that Mrs. Wallace was rightly angered by that very superfluous adjective.

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"PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN."

The March number begins with an interesting account, by the editor, of the French medium, Madame Rodiere. One of the most noteworthy incidents of her mediumship was the cure of her daughter, whose case was taken out of the hands of the surgeons by the

invisibles, just as the former were about to amputate her leg. Mr. Aksakoff comments on the neglect of this medium by the Paris Re-incarnationists, to whose doctrines her "guides" are opposed. [On the other hand, *Licht, mehr Licht* tells us that Madame Rodiere has got into the hands of the Catholic party, and is "bigotted in a high degree."] Madame Rodiere's mediumship originated in a mesmeric experiment upon her by Baron de Labarthe, when she was fourteen years old, resulting in a catalepsy from which she was with difficulty restored. Four years later she was again "magnetised" by another operator, at a different place, but with a like result. After two hours the young lady was able to speak in her trance state, and explained that the room in which they were had formerly been occupied by the Baron de Labarthe, her first magnetiser, and was impregnated with his *aura*, to which the recurrence of the catalepsy was to be ascribed—a psychological fact worth noting. Subsequently Madame Rodiere became a healing medium through her clairvoyant powers, and her experiences contain also some striking evidence of spirit identity. —The next article, by C. E. Noessler, bookseller at Leipsic, is also curious. The writer's experiences began by a specific and improbable prediction by Planchette, which was accurately verified. But the strangest part of his story relates to a communication through the mediumship of his son—a little boy—from the spirit of a mountain, well known by local tradition, of which, however, Herr Noessler satisfied himself that the child had never heard. "Tests of identity," at least as good as many which convince Spiritualists, were obtained, and the boy was taken in dream to the spirit's mountain home. The editor, in a note, supposes that a magnetic *rapproch* between father and son might account for the facts. The following should be carefully noted with a view to ascertaining the physical conditions of clairvoyance. Herr Goessler took the child (eleven years old) to Dr. Pfiff, a physician, and author of a book called "The Dream-life." This gentleman bound the boy's eyes, first with a narrow black band, and over that with a broad handkerchief down to the nostrils. In reading from the books then opened before him, it was observed that the boy moved his right eye in the line of sight, though not so raising the head as would be necessary to enable him (were this possible) to see along the nose. Yet when Dr. Pfiff afterwards covered up the whole head, nothing was read. Accordingly the sapient doctor jumped at once to the conclusion that "the thing was a swindle, the boy having an abnormal power of sight by the right eye, which he directed down along the nose, and so accomplished the deception!" Naturally the father was disgusted by this scientific stupidity, and afterwards taking his son to an oculist ascertained that so far from the right eye being unusually powerful, it was *actually diseased* from a scrofulous affection, and the sight of it impaired. It is further instructive that in two years the boy's clairvoyant and other mediumistic powers completely left him, a fact which, as the editor points out, is indicative of the connection between psychic faculties and certain critical periods of the physical development. The article is to be continued.

## "HARBINGER OF LIGHT" (MELBOURNE).

The important part of the contents of the *Harbinger* is contained in the supplement, which furnishes a detailed account of weighing and measuring experiments at Mr. G. Sprigg's Materialisation séances. From this we gather that on several occasions medium and psychic form have been seen together, "so that considerably more than the lower half of the medium's body, with the hand lying on the knee, was distinctly visible." It is further stated that the controlling spirit Geordie, after showing himself in the full and unshaded light, showed the medium, walking behind him so as to be seen leaning over him. The same spirit came out freely into the circle, and wrote a message at a table, afterwards "showing himself in a light which rendered every detail of form and feature visible." Nor was he shy of showing himself, for we read of his "stepping forward and bringing his face within an inch or two" of one of the sitters. His freedom of action was further shown by his accompanying Mr. Terry out of the séance room to the front part of the premises, where he took a book from a shelf, opened, and replaced it, and then handled some packets of herbs, selected one, re-entered the circle-room (preceding Mr. Terry) and handed it to one of the sitters.—The measurements of height ranged over a difference of 1 ft. 8½ in.—The weighing experiments seem to demonstrate that the weight of these psychic forms fluctuates so rapidly that they can hardly be said to have any fixed weight. For instance, one form began at 139½ lbs., and in the course of five minutes, during which it was weighed three times, that weight decreased 71½ lbs. Another lost weight so fast that it was necessary to beat a rapid retreat so as to avoid total dematerialisation. A child-form turned the scale at 56½ lbs., and ran rapidly down to 33 lbs. 10 oz. The weight of the medium is 148½ lbs., and there was a range of 105 lbs. 14 oz. between the greatest and least recorded weights, and of 114 lbs. 14 oz. between the least recorded weight and that of the medium. The experiments are highly valuable, and appear to have been conducted with extreme care in the Library of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, with no other cabinet than a curtain stretched across the corner of a room, and with "a steady light more than sufficient to enable the operation of weighing to be conducted with ease and accuracy." Mr. Terry and five other observers sign the record, which is a document of perspicuous clearness, and of real scientific value.

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 "PSYCHE," (LONDON).

The second number is far ahead of the first in appearance. The initial difficulties have been successfully overcome, and the result is a handsome "journal of religious philosophy and of all branches of psychical science," as the sub-title runs. The Countess of Caithness continues her accounts of remarkable séances, with one of a sitting with D. D. Home at Mr. S. C. Hall's on Easter Day, 1869. The record

is a very interesting and striking one. Some ancient portraits of Mother Shipton, copied from originals in the British Museum, illustrate an article by the editor on the history of that apocryphal old dame. The psychical healing of disease has a large share of attention. Dr. J. R. Newton, and Mr. Milner Stephen, of Sydney, are the psychopathsists whose cures are recorded on what seems very strong testimony. It is, moreover, very difficult to measure the value of much that on the surface reads convincingly. We want evidence of the existence as well as of the cure of the disease.

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“THE MEDIUM” (LONDON).

Our contemporary gives prominence to the celebration of the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, which, by the time this notice is in the hands of our readers, will be an accomplished fact. Mrs. Hallock is to preside, and the programme embraces pianoforte music, songs, addresses, and an exhibition of spirit photographs by the oxyhydrogen light, together with a descriptive lecture by Mr. Burns. A purse will be presented to Mr. Hudson, and we are glad to see that something not far short of £40 has been got together. A trance address of Mr. J. C. Wright's, and sermons by the Rev. S. E. Bengough, the Rev. C. Ware, and Archdeacon Colley, provide varied spiritual food. *The Medium* has been before the public for twelve years, and Mr. Burns took occasion to review its course during that period in a paper read at the Spiritual Institution on the anniversary. He likened “the year of years” in its progress to the seasons of the natural year. “Now is the winter of our discontent” sums up a time that he considers to have been far beyond all expectation fruitful in influencing the public mind. The new epoch, wiser from the failures of the past, will, he hopes, be more fruitful still. We may, at least, join in that hope, though we may not quite acquiesce in all that has led up to it.—Spirit Photography reappears in Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A., where, according to the testimony of nine witnesses, Mrs. Carter has been successfully taking spirit-pictures in the rooms of Julius Plaetz, photographer. He appends his own testimony to the fact, which he professes himself quite unable to explain, as he “does not profess to be a Spiritualist.” She uses his own plates and chemicals.—A very interesting letter from Mr. Smart deals with Spiritualism in Melbourne, and especially with Mr. Spriggs's materialisation séances, which we have noticed elsewhere.—“Geozonic Spheres” is quite beyond us. The editor says that the writer of them is a country labourer.—The month that closes the twelfth year is quite up to average, and we wish our contemporary all good in the coming epoch.

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WE are the imperfect; we are the finite; we are the caused. There must be One who is the complement of our being, the infinity of our finitude, the perfection of our imperfection; a mind which gives us that which we have not from ourselves.—DESCARTES.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EPES SARGENT:  
WITH AN ESTIMATE OF HIS WORKS.

By M.A. (Oxon.)

Author of "Psychography," "Spirit Identity," "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," "Spiritualism at the Church Congress," etc.

PART V.—THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM.

In this, his crowning work, we have Epes Sargent's maturest thoughts on the subject which occupied him during the best part of a long life. As I have said, I believe he would have recast *Planchette* had time availed; he wrote the *Proof Palpable* when the occasion hardly served; but his final work was matured by patient thought and long experience.

In what respects, then, does it reverse the conclusions at which he had previously arrived? It does but reaffirm them. The beliefs which he held during the vigour of his life, he re-stated with ripe experience and expanded with added illustration on the very verge of the tomb. His faith was more firm, his knowledge more exact, and his desire to make others partakers of his own blessings more burning. He had a keener scorn for "science falsely so-called," and a truer reverence for every form of knowledge. And with all, he had a conviction that every day seemed to deepen that he and we, the much despised Spiritualists, are living in the light of the enduring and eternal, while they, the Scientific Materialists, are groping in the twilight of error. So he died—as men say; so he lives still—as I know.

The scope of his last work is wide, and embraces much of fact, philosophy, and religious teaching bearing on Spiritualism. He rests his superstructure on the fundamental facts of which he adduces overwhelming testimony:—Psychography, the Materialised Spirit Hand, and Clairvoyance. He deals at length with the objections of various German Materialists; draws corroborative testimony from his own long study of the Mesmeric state; and dwells most suggestively on some of those higher aspects which I have treated in one of my books.

The philosophy of his book I shall not touch. His reply to Wundt's erudite work, "The Axioms of Physics, and their relation to the Principle of Causality," must be read in its entirety; as must the unsparing exposure of what he rightly calls the "unscientific objections" of scientific men that are scattered up and down in this book. I shall perhaps discharge

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\* "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," by Epes Sargent. Colby & Rich, Boston, U.S.A.



my duty as a reviewer more usefully, if I direct attention to what his last utterances show us of the effect which accumulated testimony to the objective facts of Spiritualism had produced upon an exceedingly acute mind. For it was evidence from hard facts that influenced him; and he was inclined, as it seems to me, to pay a superabundant regard to them. He had little regard for the utterances of an entranced medium, and is severe indeed on the preachments of one widely-known American platform orator, whose inspiration is claimed to be spiritual in origin.

"I confess (he says) that a simple, flawless experiment in direct writing is to me more impressive than all the speculative discourses by so-called trance-speakers, in which no objective, scientific proof is given of preterhuman power.

"In this I do not disparage the trance-speaker. There is place for him, too; and when the influence impelling him is that of wisdom and reason, I can listen to him with profit. But it is often impossible to distinguish between what comes from the occult powers, the unconscious reminiscences, of the trance-speaker himself, and that which may come from some prompting spirit. The flowery fluency of a trance-speaker must not be taken as a proof of power; rather is it an evidence of weakness. Even granting that such mediums speak from some foreign spirit's inspiration, that spirit may be inferior to many a mortal in sound judgment and intelligence. The spirits that assume great names, and influence the medium to talk in a style that revolts our sense of truth, of good taste, and of identity, must be brought to the bar of our highest reason, and judged by its verdict. That spirits, as well as mortals, may deceive; that they may be influenced by vanity or ambition, and may afflict us by verbose twaddle, is one of the facts which Modern Spiritualism daily discloses; and in this it is doing good service, if we have only the wit to see it: for the fact explodes some ancient and respectable errors in regard to the spirit-world." (P. 135.)

In respect of the religious aspects of Spiritualism his utterances were clear and decided; based, as one would expect, on facts. In discussing the question whether Spiritualism can possibly be hostile to religion, he argues:—

"Truly does Coleridge say: 'A religion—i.e., a true religion—must consist of ideas and facts both; not of ideas alone without facts, for then it would be mere philosophy; nor of facts alone without ideas, of which those facts are the symbols, or out of which they arise, or upon which they are grounded, for then it would be mere history.'

"Spiritualism fulfils these requirements. Its facts, rightly construed, hold out the loftiest inducements to a noble, beneficent life. It proclaims to us that we think and do in the sight of a host of witnesses; it recognises the supremacy of law, physical, moral, and



spiritual; it looks for no relief from the penalties of sin through the mystical sufferings of another; it teaches no vicarious advantage. It illustrates the efficacy of prayer, but teaches that the power of finite spirits is limited, and that the Divine Benignity is exercised in harmony with laws which it is for us to study and obey. It proves that as we sow we reap, and that man is preparing his future condition while here, by his ruling thoughts, desires, and acts, and is thus his own punisher, his own rewarder.

"Thus the religion, prompted by the facts of Spiritualism, cannot differ largely in any essential point from that of primitive Christianity. This did not spring from the decisions of councils, from the interpretations of students, from the dictation of majorities, from any dogma relative to vicarious atonement, the Trinity, or the nature of salvation. It was born of the knowledge that the Jesus whom they had known and conversed with had reappeared to certain disciples and friends after his crucifixion, and thus given them the assurance and the palpable proof of his own immortality, and indirectly of theirs. Nay, in his visible and tangible presentation of himself he had endeavoured to dissipate the fears they associated with disembodied spirits, and had partaken of food to show that he was no mere shadow of his former self, but had that power over matter that he could re-compose a simulacrum of his earth-form, or reduce it to invisibility by a simple act of volition." (P. 167.)

On all such questions of philosophy and religion, while his ideas were sound and full of hard common-sense, they were by no means transcendental. He was disposed to relegate such profundities to the future, and to pin his mind down to the facts and their teaching in the present. He did not realise, I think, how much depends on the right interpretation of a phenomenon, nor did he see so strongly as some of us see now how important it is that we should not start off on a wrong scent, lest we be perpetually misled by illusory phenomena. He did see this in his way—it would do him grave injustice to imply that his mind was not awake to the very obvious criticism I have made—he saw and acted on it; but his mental bias was in favour of what he called *facts*.

Those that impressed him most were such as worked in with his early experiences in Mesmerism, and those which he had had opportunity of observing in his later years—Psychography and the Spirit Hand. Respecting these he gives some remarkable testimony, which I may profitably condense, and present in convenient form.

#### MESMERISM AND COGNATE PHENOMENA.

Coleridge once said of Mesmerism that "it might be the refraction of a great truth still below the horizon." To Epes Sargent it was the refraction of the great truth of Spiritualism.

From the year 1835 \* when he commenced its study, he never ceased to recognise the light thrown by its phenomena on the more abstruse problems of Spiritualism. Sargent was at that time domiciled with Dr. Channing, a physician, among whose patients was one Mrs. Mowatt, who suffered from some form of brain congestion. Mesmerism was employed, and the lady rapidly became a remarkably lucid clairvoyante. In a very early stage of his acquaintance with her, Mr. Sargent could affect her by exercise of his will without any sign, look, or movement visible to her. When, on Dr. Channing leaving home, he assumed his place, and treated her regularly, he had opportunity that falls to few of experimenting with a subject who answered to his slightest wish. With eye-balls introverted, and lids drooping loosely over them, her face in conversation would light up with an expressiveness more beautiful than open eyes could have imparted, as she foretold with unerring accuracy the crises in her disease, and gave directions for their treatment. She had, in her abnormal state, a perfect self-poise, self-control, and intelligence that gave the lie direct to any theory of morbid development. She seemed to look down on all the contents of her normal memory as from a superior position.

The sympathy with her magnetizer in all his moods and conditions was extremely quick, and yet "she was supremely and independently conscious all the time; and could reason upon the phenomena, describe them, philosophise upon them, and oppose my opinions with an ability far transcending that which she exhibited in her normal state." For two years Mr. Sargent studied this case almost daily, and the power he had over her increased to such an extent that on one occasion, by her own direction, he kept her in the mesmeric state for a fortnight. Her last recollections had been of Broadway heaped with snow, and of a little rose bush with a small green bud. When restored to her normal state, imagining that she had been under the influence for the usual hour or two, she became violently agitated on seeing the streets clear of snow, and her rose in bloom. It was necessary to force her back into the abnormal state, and explain to her what had taken place, "ordaining that she shall be reconciled to the change, and take it as a matter of course." This was done, and all was well.

The completeness of the abnormal state was shown by an experiment frequently repeated. In the midst of an animated conversation, if suddenly waked, she would look around as if dazed, and then go on with her usual occupations when in the

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\* P. 30.

normal state. On again inducing the abnormal state, after whatever interval, "before quite regaining the clear state of complete somnambulist consciousness, she would go on and finish the sentence, in the utterance of which she had been interrupted." \* The two states were absolutely separate; the opinions she held in them even often widely different; persons she liked and trusted when awake, she would shrink from when somnambulant, and *vice versa*. "In her highest state of consciousness—for there were different degrees—she would claim to see and converse with spirits." But Epes Sargent was incredulous then, and he missed the opportunity of questioning her when in this her most lucid condition. He was led, however, to ponder on what Swedenborg calls discrete degrees of consciousness; and when at length he came into relation with Spiritualism, he found its problems illuminated by this long mesmeric experience.

Later in life he had an opportunity of revising his early impressions by the study of a very similar case, that of Miss Fancher. This case, which will be within the recollection of most of my readers, was in many respects of unique interest, and Sargent devoted a great deal of time to verifying its most striking facts which bigotted opponents as Dr. Hammond and Dr. Beard did their best to discredit. I had many letters from him on the subject, extracts from some of which are included in the early part of this memoir, and not he only, but a large number of non-spiritualists, including Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Speir, and Dr. Ormiston, satisfied themselves of her perfect good faith.

#### DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

These experiences led Epes Sargent to speculate on Consciousness and on the singular problems presented by such a case as that of Mary Reynolds, recorded in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860, by the Rev. W. S. Plummer. The case is this:—

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\* Compare with this the authentic case of a woodman who, while uttering a sentence, was struck insensible by a blow on the head from a falling tree. He was for months in a semi-comatose state, and was finally trepanned. The minute the crushed fragment of bone was lifted, he resumed and completed the sentence he had begun months before.

Dr. Maudsley, too, relates a case of a groom who was kicked on the head by his mare Dolly, and rendered insensible. After three hours a piece of bone pressing on the brain was lifted, and the patient cried out with great energy, Whoa, Dolly! Mr. Huxley added his testimony to this same phenomenon in his address (1874) to the British Association at Belfast.

Compare too this case, related by Combe. An Edinburgh porter, when drunk, left a parcel at a wrong house, and when sober could not remember where: but on getting drunk again he at once went to the house and got back the package.

"In 1811, when nineteen years of age, Mary fell into a state of insensibility. From this she recovered, but subsequently, for fifteen years, presented the phenomenon of a duplex consciousness. In her abnormal *second* state, however, there was a peculiarity distinguishing it from all other cases (with one exception) that I have known of; for, instead of having in her *second* state the memories of her *first*, all the knowledge she had ever acquired seemed to have passed away from her. She knew neither father nor mother, brother nor sisters; she had not the slightest consciousness that she had ever existed before. She would play with a rattlesnake she met in her path, wholly ignorant of the danger. She was quick to learn, however, and made rapid acquisitions. In her thirty-fifth year, the alternations from one state to the other ceased, leaving her permanently in her *second* state. In this state she was a very different person in character from what she was in her *first* state. Sedate, melancholy, slow of thought, and unimaginative in her *first* state, she was gay, social, jocular, and fond of poetry in her *second* state. Her handwriting, too, was very different from that of number One.

"The phenomena," says Dr. Plummer, "were as if her body was the house of two souls, not occupied by both at the same time, but alternately, first by one and then by the other. That the case was a genuine one admits not of a doubt. The two lives were entirely separate. The thoughts and feelings, the knowledge and experience, the joys and sorrows, the likes and dislikes of the one state did not in any way influence or modify those of the other." (P. 235.)

"It is indeed a curious case. Which was the accountable being, number One or number Two? If, as Locke tells us, personality consists in identity of consciousness, was Mary Reynolds a person? In physical form she was the same in the two states, but in mind, disposition, and memory, she was wholly different. What became finally of number One? Was she rubbed out, as one rubs out an unsatisfactory drawing? Was number Two a distinct spiritual entity? If the two were one in essence, but manifesting two distinct consciousnesses, then why should there not be for all of us a distinct consciousness, stowed away somewhere in our complex organism, into which we may emerge at death? But if we lose our familiar consciousness, and become radically changed in character and memory, do we not lose our identity? Can we be said to be the same being we were in this life? Are we not in a sense annihilated?

"Our solution of the puzzle is this: There was only one Mary Reynolds, and only one consciousness; but of that consciousness there were what Swedenborg calls *discrete degrees*. If in one state she did not have the memories of the other, it was not because any mental possession was obliterated, but because in the revolution a new phase, a distinct degree, was arrived at. The memories and the suspended consciousness were all in the soul, like a faculty unexercised or superseded. The soul, rising in this life or the next, to a consciousness as high above the *second* as the *second* was above the *first*,

would comprehend all that was in both degrees; appropriating to itself what was best in each—the memories remaining unimpaired forever.” (P. 236.)

It will be noticed that in Mrs. Mowatt's case the superior consciousness included the lower; in Miss Reynolds, the consciousness of each state was distinct. Our author concludes: “The legitimate inference is that there is a psychical or inner consciousness distinct from the cerebral and outer, and that between the two there are discrete degrees. Sometimes there may be an intromission of thought from one to the other, and in highly sensitive subjects this is not uncommon. Thoughts that come to us, we know not how or whence, may come from higher grades of consciousness—sometimes, perhaps, from lower, for the essence of feeling, as well as of thought, is consciousness. . . . All degrees of consciousness may, like the three fundamental colours, red, yellow, and blue, be dissolved in a unity of white light, and so there may be—and my own experience in somnambulism affirms it—a supreme consciousness in which all others may be blended.”

#### CLAIRVOYANCE.

This seems to be the place to refer to those excellently attested cases in which the medium apparently exercises a clairvoyant faculty in reading the names written on slips of paper, which slips are subsequently rolled tightly up into small pellets. This method of alleged communication with departed friends has always seemed to me ridiculous when so viewed, but very interesting when regarded as evidence of clairvoyance. Many mediums employ it, the best known, probably, being Foster. I may quote a typical case from the book under notice.

“A. B., who had never been in Boston before, and had never seen Watkins, nor had Watkins seen him, went to the medium's rooms, 2 Lovering Place, Boston, early in June, and asked for a sitting. Watkins went out of the room, and A. B. wrote six questions on little slips of paper *belonging to himself*, which he rolled into small ballots as tightly as possible, and placed on the table. Among them he placed a ballot on which was a question written by an absent friend—both the question and the answer to it being unknown to A. B. This ballot A. B. had marked.

“Watkins comes in, does not once touch the ballots, but tells A. B. to mix them up, and then point to them slowly. This he did; and at the touch of the fourth ballot, which was the marked one, Watkins tells him to take it up, which A. B. does, closing his hand so that the medium shall not see the ballot. Watkins walks about the room, looking very flushed and excited, and at last cries out ‘Pin-cushion.’ A note is made of this by A. B., and there is a long pause.

Then Watkins, looking dazed and confused, says, 'They speak of a Katharine.' This was the name of A. B.'s friend who had written the question. Another long pause, and then, with a pleased, bright expression, Watkins exclaims, 'Yes, I remember now; it was something I made for you.' Here he stopped, seemed to be trying to grasp some impression, and at last said, 'It was something to go round the neck; I don't know what you call it—a tie or something.'

"A. B. did not open the ballot, but told him that he could not say whether this was correct or not, but would let him know. When A. B. saw his friend he found that the question was, 'Where is the pin-cushion you made me at Otter River, and what else did you make me?' The answer to the second part of this question was what the medium had given, 'Necktie.'

"The remarkable points in this experiment are these: The ballot, untouched by the medium, contained a question addressed by an absent friend of A. B. to some departed acquaintance, and both the question and the answer to it were unknown to A. B. Let us set aside as not pertinent to our present inquiry the remarkable clairvoyant power manifested by Watkins, of being able to read the inscription on a tightly rolled-up ballot, (which he had never touched, and which was not written on in his presence,) so that he could give the leading word on it, 'Pin-cushion.' But by what conceivable power did he get at the second part of the answer, where the word was not written on the ballot, and where it was not in the mind of A. B., who was not the person to whom his friend's question seems to have been addressed?

"Here is the puzzle. If there was mind-reading, then some transcendent power in Watkins must have gone a journey of miles to the Katharine who wrote the question, and got out of her mind the word 'tie,' or 'necktie,' or 'something to go round the neck.' This is one way of solving the mystery. Another solution is, that the deceased individual, to whom the question was addressed, was, in her capacity of spirit, enabled to impress corresponding spiritual faculties in Watkins with the needed words, until his normal consciousness could grasp them and prompt their utterance. Which is the easier solution of the two? Or are they not both equally insoluble?" (Pp. 61-63.)

It would certainly seem as if we must import, in this case, some agency other than mind-reading, or any that could be exercised by the unaided medium. It seems to me that this is usually the case, even in far simpler cases, and, knowing what I do of the frequency of the intervention of spiritual beings in this world's doings, I have no difficulty in assigning to that cause such effects as these. The difficulty I have always felt is to define the exact point at which the normal powers of man are supplemented by abnormal agencies. That difficulty made itself specially felt when I endeavoured to experiment on the power of Will in the human spirit. When



did my own powers end and others step in? I could not map out the border-line of my own territory, nor even say whether within its margin any given act of mine was unaided. Who can? I do not know; but if there be one, Adept, Magician, Seer, or Saint, then has he arrived at the core of human knowledge—*Know thyself*.

#### PHENOMENAL PROOFS OF SPIRITUALISM.

I must not yield to the temptation to linger over the carefully-selected and clearly-narrated evidences of the reality of the phenomena on which Epes Sargent grounded his belief. In this book are many selected evidences of Psychography, notably that experiment at his own house to which he invited the Rev. Joseph Cook. Nothing could be more complete than the success of that experiment; nothing more outspoken than the document to which Mr. Cook signed his name, unless it be the terms in which he has recently disavowed that utterance, and has eaten his own carefully-chosen words. One of the experiments narrated was made with Mrs. A. K. Simpson, an excellent medium for psychographic experiments, whom I hope to see in England if her expressed intentions are ever carried out. The special phenomenon is so susceptible of scientific proof that it is very desirable that a medium who can command the phenomenon with fair success should be at the service of such a body of experts as, for example, the Society for Psychical Research recently formed in London. One feels, after reading such a book as this containing a few narratives of sporadic experiments, and a good deal of German philosophising, a positive craving for a clear and compact record of some orderly experiments, prolonged and varied, with logical deductions from them. This the new Society might surely do, as well as reduce to order the chaos of experiment and experience, the jumble of fancy, fraud, and fact, which compose the heritage on which it enters.

One of the phenomena which most impressed Epes Sargent was the spirit-hand, a detached hand materialised as far as the wrist, and moving flexibly and without connection with any visible body. Such hands are of various shapes and sizes and temperatures, and, in some cases, they would seem to present peculiarities of structure as though for purposes of identification.

Mr. Sargent was in very hearty accord with my strong desire for phenomena which could stand scientific testing, and which should not merely overpower the beholder with wonder only to leave him by revulsion a prey to doubt, or at least vexed by the realisation of difficulties which the conditions of investigation forbid him to attempt to solve. He thought



that the psychic-hand was capable of being scientifically dealt with, and that its "formation had been watched under conditions scientific, though as yet limited to the experience of a few." He gives a good instance as having occurred in the presence of two girls, of 15 and 11 years old respectively, in the summer of 1875. The observer is Austin A. Burnham, and his account of eighteen consecutive sittings is printed in the *Banner of Light* of August 3rd, 1878. The formation of the psychic-hand is thus narrated:—

"An interesting feature was the gradual formation of a spirit-hand. A slender white cylinder, about three inches in length and one-eighth inch diameter, resembling a common wax lighting-taper, was thrust upward through the aperture. At the next sitting *two* cylinders were displayed, each the same size as the first. At the next sitting *three* cylinders were shown, about the diameter of an ordinary lead-pencil, at first perfectly rigid, and seeming to adhere one to another. These, however, soon became flexible, and on close inspection were found to be *spirit-fingers*, with perfect joints and tiny nails. On the next evening 'a complete and finely-formed spirit-hand was presented, which had developed to maturity before our eyes from the little spindles of refined matter that our senses had first perceived.'" (P. 197.)

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Harvard, who was expelled from that University on account of his connection with Spiritualism, and especially because he possessed psychical power, which he was slanderously alleged to have used fraudulently, gives some curious testimony bearing on the intimate connection between these detached hands and the medium.

"On one occasion a gentleman present drew a knife from his pocket with a long, keen blade, and taking no one into his counsel, watching his opportunity, pierced with a violent blow one of the psychic hands. The medium uttered a skriek of pain. The sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through his hand. The gentleman sprang to his feet exultant, thinking he had made a most triumphant *exposé* of trickery, and fully expected to find the medium's hand pierced and bleeding. To his utter chagrin and amazement there was no trace of a scratch even upon either hand of the medium; and yet to him the sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through muscle and tendon, and the sensation of pain and soreness remained for hours.

"On another occasion a gentleman was present who, a year before, had lost, as he supposed forever, a beloved wife. He had no faith in immortality, and to him death was indeed the blackness of an endless night, and the grave an abyss that had swallowed forever his most precious treasure. A hand was formed and placed in his, and he started with the exclamation in thrilling tones of 'Oh, my God!' and burst into tears. He recognised the hand of his wife, and felt upon

two of the fingers *fac-similes* of the betrothal and marriage rings he had placed thereon." (P. 198.)

I shall have opportunity of dealing with these subjects at greater length than is possible now; but I may record my own entire agreement with Sargent in his estimate of the abiding impression made by these fugitive hands. They are so completely out of the range of possible imposture—I am quite alive to the acute suggestion of some master-mind that a glove covered with phosphoric oil will account for them all—and they do not so stagger one's faith as a fully-formed body does (or I should say as I find that it does until I am more familiarised than I can now pretend to be with that astounding phenomenon), that they seem to me to present most valuable ground for investigation.

#### THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

To what conclusions on the *cui bono*, the general outcome of the subject, did our author come? To such as those which I have consistently endeavoured to set forth since I first became acquainted with the subject.

"To ask for the *cui bono* of such a revelation—to insinuate that we do not need it—is at once to ignore the growing unbelief of the times, and to mock at the most sacred hopes and religious intuitions of the majority of mankind.

"This universe, be sure, is not an infinite contrivance for the production and swift extinction of sentient, loving, intelligent life;—it is not a stupendous vestibule to a charnel-house,—where affection, friendship, science, and art find congenial and progressive recipients for a few fleeting moments, and man is admitted to a glimpse of a possible happiness and growth, and then plunged into the blackness of annihilation;—a world where life and mind are given only to be withdrawn, as if in mockery, and truth and goodness are as evanescent as falsehood and evil.

"Spiritualism, by its objective, supersensual, and verifiable facts, declares to us that this pessimistic view of things is radically wrong; that all this grand display of suns and systems is not 'a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing;' that the infinite magnitude and variety of the universe ought to impress us as an earnest of our immortality—for what are all these wonders without minds to study and enjoy them?—that states of consciousness may subside and give place to other states, but that they are all reproducible, and in that sense, eternal, since memory holds forever in its occult receptacles all the impressions it takes;—and that a present good is an inalienable good forever, never to be lost by the soul that once felt its power;—that love is a divine principle of our nature which grows by giving, expands by imparting, and is the spring of a fresh and everlasting joy;—that death is merely a release from an organism for which the

soul has ready a far nobler, though to our coarse mortal senses, invisible, substitute; that we are not orphans—nay, worse than orphans—flung out by a blind, remorseless Fate, our only parent, into an alien universe, but that we are destined to have the freedom of every remotest planet, all intelligences forming one grand confraternity, interchanging love and knowledge; that there is a conscious, a loving and omniscient Omnipotence presiding over all the details of this stupendous complex; and that by beneficent and eternal laws every soul will gravitate, in the life to come, where it belongs, where it can best find what is congenial to the disposition it has formed here, and there continue till it can rise, by proper gradations and its own sincere efforts, to more worthy conditions, and take in at length a realisation of the ineffable grandeur and the splendid possibilities of its inheritance, and aspire and strive accordingly.” (P. 85.)

On the distinctly religious aspects of Spiritualism his utterances are not less clear. A pure Theist himself, he could appreciate the beauty of a religion, founded on facts, the ideas and maxims inculcated by which fitted in with his own philosophical and religious speculations. And he thus finally sums up the conclusion of the whole matter which he has rested on these representative facts, respecting which, as he says, “there is not a flaw, nor a conceivable doubt in the method by which they have been and are daily certified and confirmed.”

“It is for the very reason that Spiritualism has a Scientific Basis in known and demonstrable facts, that it offers the surest ground for religion. It shows us that the only hurtful heresy is the wrong thinking that leads to wrong-doing. It proves to us that as we sow we shall reap.

“Some persons, in whom the religious or devotional instinct may be yet feeble or undeveloped, may long remain untouched by the vast religious significance of a knowledge of immortality; but in times of bereavement and great affliction it may rush back to the heart with a divine, awakening meaning and force; and sorrow may reveal to us that the certainty of a reunion with our beloved has in it, for the heart that is not petrified, the highest and purest religious element, since it must give rise to the profoundest gratitude to the Infinite Giver of life and love.” (P. 349.)

I have now completed, so far as it is possible for me, the task I set myself. I have not, indeed, been able to transfer to the minds of my readers the picture that fills my own mental vision. But I hope that I have conveyed some faint impression of a mind, keen and evenly balanced, and of a life strenuous, energetic, and singularly devoted, in the midst of engrossing claims, to the subject which seemed to him, as it does to me, of paramount importance. As I close my narrative

and reflect on the self-denying labour that characterised that life to its earthly close, I ask myself, Has the pall of death enshrouded for ever that bright intelligence? Is that vigorous mind now quenched in endless night? Is that loving nature for ever deaf to the promptings of affection? If so, then, for for me at least, the problems of life are more tangled, and the outlook seems more dismal!

Are the intimations of his continued existence, given to me and to many another, only fantasies born of a wish that is father to the thought, that mock and delude, but never satisfy:—or the pranks of a conscienceless Elemental:—or fitful flashes of an intelligence that survives for a brief space before it is too surely extinguished?

I have no such fears. None of these fine-spun theories—sophistries of the intellect seeking to escape from what is too wonderful for it, or questionings of nobler minds that would fain be sure where so much is staked—none of these things move me. He lives, and will live, the same man, otherwise conditioned, but in no whit changed in respect of that which made him what he was, what he is, and what I have endeavoured to depict him.

## THOUGHTS REGARDING THE MYSTICAL DEATH IN MEDIUMISTIC PERSONS.

BY MRS. A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

### PART IV.

"WITH so many people," says Dr. Justinus Kerner, "the world draws the body, the body the soul, and the soul the spirit out of its sphere, and fastens it to the earth; and with so many persons is the external life alone familiar, that those in whom the spirit holds its natural place are no longer considered within the sphere of ordinary beings, but are looked upon as something unnatural, strange, and accurst."

The effort to dischain and disenchant the Soul of man, enslaved and bound to the external world,\* is, we may readily believe, the cause of the extraordinary phenomena attendant upon the development of so-called "Spirit mediums."

\* "Every human being has within himself different degrees of life to be developed and matured in succession. Within the body is the soul which, according to the teaching of Scripture, *passes away at the first change, death, and, animated by the spirit, becomes the body of the next life*; and the spirit—by which name we recognise the intenser life now known to us."—"From Matter to Spirit."

Thereby do they of necessity appear to the ordinary eyes of "society" as something "unnatural, strange, and accurst." To retrace its steps from the world back again to God, the Soul of man has truly, as the apostle said of himself, "to die daily." Each death, or change of state, each sloughing off of the "coats of skins," or material accretions in which the Soul has invested itself, may be regarded as a step towards its pure condition of "a Son of God," in contradistinction to a "Son of man"—in other words, the divesting of man of his self-will and self-derived intelligence, by means of trials and temptations of divers kinds, has by the mystics, and by certain theologians ever been regarded as the divine process adopted for the regeneration of man.\*

We would now turn our attention to this "Mystical Death"—otherwise Regenerative-process—with its ever attendant phenomena to be observed amongst mediumistic persons.

The following example of the "Mystical Death" of a mediumistic person I extract from the diary of a friend, whom we will call Mrs. B. Mrs. B. is a lady who lives somewhat retired from the world. She is a firm believer in the truth of "spirit-manifestations;" is, however, no holder of *séances*, nor attends them; she regards herself rather as a student of the mystical side of this manifold subject, than of its purely phenomenal side. This lady, for some years past, has had in her service a young woman, an orphan, whom she calls Jacintha. For the first few years of her life with Mrs. B., Jacintha, performing her duties faithfully, and mingling with her fellow-servants, in no special manner drew upon herself the attention of her mistress. In the third or fourth year of her service, however, a crisis arrived in her life, a great grief fell upon her, which terminated in a severe illness. Jacintha's orphan condition, in this her time of sorrow and suffering, especially touched the heart of Mrs. B., and, whilst attending upon her maid in this illness, with almost the care of a mother, Mrs. B. made a surprising discovery. Jacintha, without any assistance of *séances* or "*spirit-mediums*," had developed into spirit-seeing! She was, in fact, a born "medium" for spirit intercourse. When a child, she had been in her native village, amongst the Cotswold Hills, a "dreamer of dreams," and a seer of what she called "ghosts." Her mother before her appeared to have possessed a similar temperament. For

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\* "Whoever has gained any degree of spiritual life undergoes temptation. When a temptation is finished the soul is in a state of fluctuation between Truth and Falsehood, but afterwards Truth shines with brightness and brings with it serenity and gladness."—SWEDENBORG "New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine," p. 190.

years the gift had remained latent; now, at this turning point of her life, it had arisen in full power. This discovery was a source of much solicitude to Mrs. B. To ignore, or to stifle this gift, was an idea which could not be entertained by Mrs. B. for a moment. On the other hand, unless unfolded with wisdom and under harmonious conditions, this gift must become a curse instead of a blessing to Jacintha and to all around her. Mrs. B. had a lively recollection of the touching words of Dr. Justinus Kerner in reference to the tragic experiences of the Seeress of Prevorst, that "such a life as hers resembles the unhappy fate of a chrysalis which should chance to develop amidst a troop of rough lads." \* For Jacintha, her mistress earnestly desired a calm retirement for the unfolding of the wings of her spiritual being, far removed from the cruel and wondering eyes of an ignorant, unsympathetic world. But how to provide such a retreat and such conditions? Jacintha herself had no desire to speak of her inner-life, except to her mistress, and thus gradually Mrs. B. commenced her experiment—beset as it was necessarily with difficulties—under the best conditions that she could procure, namely, by bringing Jacintha, in the daily performance of her household duties, as much as might be under her own influence, and by strengthening the mind, the moral nature, and the body, with wholesome, pure, nourishment, and, as much as circumstances permitted, by isolating her from pernicious influence. Mrs. B. kept a diary of all that was most noteworthy in the development. Of its character, the following extracts will give some idea. Let it, however, be borne in mind, that the whole tenor of the experiences is not throughout as tragic and gloomy as the following extracts might suggest. The subject matter of this series of papers is the "Mystical Death," or Process of Regeneration of the Human Soul, a transition from one spiritual state to another, as full of struggle and travail of a spiritual order as the birth and death of the human body in their physical order. Truly may it be said of the birth of mediumship as of the birth of a child—"A woman when she

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\* "Wie aber, mein Lieber, jetzt die Verhältnisse unsers öffentlichen Lebens nun einmal sind (dieses gemeinen Lebens!) wird ein Mensch in diesem Zustande leicht enie Puppe, der das unselige Loos ward, sich mitten unter einem Trosse von Knaben zum Schmetterling entfalten zu sollen. Siehe, mein Lieber, der eine bläst nach ihm, der zweite schlägt nach ihm, und weider ein anderer durchsticht ihn mit der Nadel und, gestört in seiner Entfaltung, stirbt er noch als halbe Puppe langsam dahin. Und das, mein Lieber, ist auch das Bild eines unglücklichen magnetischen Lebens." —*Die Seherin von Prevorst, Eröffnungen übr das innerer Leben des Menschen, von Justinus Kerner, Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1846. P. 21.*



is in travail hath sorrow, because her time is come; but so soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world." Of the spirit-child's bright infancy, and of his strong and useful manhood, these papers do not pretend to speak.

#### JACINTHA AND THE ANGELS OF DEATH AND LIFE.

*"January, 1881.* Jacinth has again been passing through vastations of the spirit, and through experiences which surely may be regarded as those of a 'mystical death.' For some days she had suffered from depression of spirits, but gone on industriously about her daily work. I have always told Jacinth when no longer able to struggle successfully against her spiritual troubles, by means of prayer and patience, that she must come to me—whether it be by night or day—for human sympathy and human magnetism at such crises of suffering are balm, even if they be not healing. Thus in the middle of the night, December 9th-10th, she made her appearance by my bed-side. Her countenance betrayed great agitation. She looked rather a walking corpse than a living being. 'I thought that I should surely have died,' said she. 'I have with difficulty dragged myself down to your room. The spirit of my mother came to me. She had a most stern countenance. There was an expression on her face quite unlike herself. She was clothed in raiment of white needle-work. Her face was as white as her dress. She carried in her hand a white handkerchief, with which, after she had looked sorrowfully at me and pressed me to her bosom, she three times tried to bind up my head, as though it were the head of a corpse. At last she succeeded in doing this. I then heard a passing-bell toll solemnly as if I were dead. After a great struggle I have managed to reach you. But look at my throat! The pressure was so great that I feel the wind-pipe is injured. It has been squeezed. When the handkerchief was tied, my breath ceased entirely. A smell of dissolution proceeded from my nostrils.'

"Jacinth remained pale and tragic in appearance. I bade her sit down and compose herself, and after a while I read aloud the service for the Dead and some prayers. Gradually she became more composed. She was wide awake, in no mesmeric trance-state; gentle and sad. She began with wide-open eyes now to see spiritual objects in the room, as is usual with her now for some time after any period of spiritual trouble. Three crosses of gold, a golden rose, and lastly, the pierced hand of the Saviour extended towards her. Sweet odours floated around the room; she declared these seemed to give back to her freer power of respiration. Gradually she thus regained her usual strength. After remaining with me, perhaps an hour, Jacinth quietly returned to her room. Next morning she was up early, as usual, and at her work. She had, all the following day, a broken look in her face."

*"December 10-11.* In the course of this night Jacinth beheld a vision which agitated her greatly. It was the slaughter of a lamb by



a stern angel. The lamb when slaughtered was exhibited to her from the interior. She had the courage to remain quietly alone in her chamber."

"December 14-15. In the middle of the night am myself aroused by a spiritual presence, bidding me expect Jacintha to come to me, she being once more in deep distress of mind. Scarcely am I fully awake before Jacintha appears with her light at the dressing-room door. She had, she said, fallen asleep calmly, when she was suddenly awakened by the pressure of a death-cold hand—an all-powerful hand—upon her heart. Her heart seemed to pause in its pulsation beneath this hand. Three fingers of the hand drew three lines from the heart downwards. She thought of the wounds of our blessed Lord, and the words came to her,—‘By My stripes are ye healed.’ Then with a last effort she dragged herself down stairs to my room. This time she appeared exactly like a dying person. I rose, laid her on a couch, applied smelling salts to her nostrils, wrapped her up warmly. Gradually she fell into the trance-state, in which she remained for nearly two hours. Incessantly, she, in a low and most pathetic voice, repeated passages from the Psalms and the Book of Job singularly applicable to her state. As morning broke, she awoke out of her trance, and, grateful for my care of her, retired to her room. All day she attended to her duties with a meek and broken manner. She told me that she felt that a third death-struggle awaited her. Whether this should be spiritual or physical she could not say, but her expectation was that it would be physical. She said that at each of these previous experiences she had not, inwardly, felt herself prepared and willing to give herself up entirely to God. This third time, she said, that she would prayerfully seek to abandon herself utterly into the hands of her Heavenly Father; she would, at least, seek to be *passive*. Jacintha is under the care of a Homœopathic physician. We carefully attend to all his directions.

"During all this time visitors were in the house, and there was a coming and going of strangers. Fresh influences were, no doubt, disturbing the magnetic sphere, both around myself and my maid. Jacintha would necessarily feel the vibrations of the magnetic *aura*, and suffer in consequence, especially as I was well aware that several of my visitors were themselves suffering at the same time mentally."

"December 20. Once more we were alone, and our little household fell into its ordinary routine. Jacintha tells me that in the night—20th-21st—she has had a very comforting vision. It seemed to her that she had ascended into a very lofty place. All was gloriously light around her—all profoundly peaceful. She entered a very beautiful mansion, where everything was arranged with an order and grace beyond her power of description. Here were very beautiful people whom she felt were of high birth. They were persons whom on earth she had never seen. They welcomed her with great graciousness, with smiling eyes, but they uttered not a word. Their countenances conversed with her without a word being needed

to fully express what they desired to communicate. At parting they presented, as a gift to her, three very young lambs."

"*December 21.* This is a day always sacred to Jacintha. It was the birthday of her mother. Her mother, since the first development of the spiritual life in Jacinth, has been her Guardian-angel, or if not always appearing in the special character of guardian, an angel of instruction and discipline, as in the instance just recorded. On the anniversaries of this birthday, during the five years of Jacintha's intromission into the life-spiritual, something remarkable has occurred. On the present occasion, waking in the early morning, she found herself surrounded by a most exquisite odour of roses. It returned upon her, that she had even then descended from a lofty height, where all around her had been brightness of intense light, as of sunshine, and where all was profoundly calm. With delight she had beheld there two aged men, with dignified countenances and venerable beards, who, as Jacintha expressed it, 'conversed together in glory.' They conversed in a language which she did not understand, but the sound of which affected her like strains of music. The atmosphere around these aged men was so sweet with the scent of roses that the odour was overwhelming to her.

"At night on the 21st at prayers, Jacintha seemed much affected. I observed that her eyes rested with a fixed gaze upon some object visible only to herself. She said later, that a very bright flame had appeared before her, had opened, and within its radiance she had beheld a long, very white, and extremely beautifully shaped hand. The hand was formed of light, and gradually withdrew across the room. The hand beckoned her to follow it. Gradually, as the hand retired, the figure of a most beautiful angelic being, whose body was of translucent light, and clothed in shining garments, as if formed also of white flame, revealed itself. So radiant was this figure, that as it passed before the lamp standing in the room, the lamp's light seemed to grow dim. The flame-formed countenance of this glorious angelic creature was full of dignity and grandly beautiful, but, as Jacinth said, was neither male nor female, yet, as it were, expressive of the qualities of both sexes. The figure pointed towards a white lamb which appeared before it. The whole room, Jacinth declared, was filled with sparkles of light. Jacinth requested permission when we were alone to remain a little while with me, believing that something would again manifest itself. Though we remained quite quiet, and passively waiting, nothing showed itself to Jacintha beyond a crown of diamonds—the figure wearing it remaining invisible to the eyes of the Seeress—but the crown was seen by her to move hither and thither in the room as if borne on the head of a lofty figure. On retiring to her chamber, as she ascended the stairs, Jacintha says that a most gentle voice breathed into her ear the words, 'It is I, be not afraid.' A voice later on in the night said to her—

"The host of God encamps around  
The dwellings of the just,  
Deliverance he affords to all  
Who in his mercy trust."

"After this glorious experience, we trusted that a period of peace and comfort was to have been expected. Unfortunately, in the course of her duties, she came into contact, without the house, with some very common and coarse natures, which not only worried her at the time, but, as in her sensitive condition was only too frequently the case, seemed to poison the currents of the magnetic aura around her.\* A very dark and troublous time succeeded. She was, for some hours, like one oppressed by a dark and most unhappy spirit, and though she struggled against the evil influence with all her power, and was as much strengthened to throw off the influence as possible by her mistress, it was a very dark time. The darkness did not leave her until, as it were, the evil spirit had 'rent her' before its departure. Jacintha upon this occasion made an observation to her mistress which, possibly, may contain a germ of spiritual philosophy well worth preservation. 'It is strange, ma'am,' said she, 'but dreadful as are these struggles with these dark and low influences, when they are over, when they have torn and rent me, *I feel so inwardly clean—a something that was not myself has gone out of me, and with it has gone the evil that I knew was in myself. I feel washed clean inside!* I always feel thus after one of these spirit-tearings.' Truly this must be the effect of a purgatorial experience if the purgation have achieved its divine object! The very term, purgation, is expressive of the object in view to be attained."

#### JACINTHA'S THIRD SPIRITUAL DEATH.

"As the year closed, Jacintha experienced that which she had been anticipating, that which she called always her 'third spiritual death.' This experience was one which made the most profound impression upon her. She declares that she beheld our blessed Lord face to face, appearing to her in the form of a mighty angel. This angel of the Lord, she said in relating her sublime and sorrowful experience to her mistress, came to scourge her.

" 'How did our blessed Lord, scourge you, Jacinth?' asked her

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\* As illustrative of the poisoning of magnetic atmospheres of "sensitives" through intercourse with common and low surroundings, see article in *Spiritual Magazine* on a case of demoniac possession in the south of England. A lady who watched the case of this possessed woman, says, "I feel very strongly the need for entire change of scene and surroundings for patients such as Johanna. There are such degrading habits among the poor; such indulgence of 'gossip,'—but indeed are the rich and educated classes much less given to this evil habit? . . . Not even the magic powers of the Holy Spirit can turn foulness into purity, nor dross into pure gold." In a spiritual séance held by this lady and her sisters, wherein they sought advice regarding treatment of the patient, the following wise directions, together with other particulars, had been given, but the low surroundings of the poor possessed woman rendered the carrying out of the directions impossible. "She (Johanna) must never allow any one to talk to her about evil people, or evil uncomely things. She must feed the spirit within her with pure bread and wholesome food of delicate thought, not with loathsome uncleanness."

mistress. 'Did He carry a scourge or whip in His hand?' 'Ah, no!' was her sudden reply, 'He scourged me with no scourge or whip, but with the Almighty power which proceeded from His divine hand. The whole stroke I felt through my body. I now am sore and bruised, not my outward, but my inward—my spiritual body. This is the fourth stripe from the hand of the Lord's angel\* which I have received—three from the almighty hand of Death, and this fourth from the living hand of the Lord. *By my stripes are ye healed.*'"

JACINTHA'S VIEW OF THE LAND OF BEULAH AS SHE PURSUES  
HER PILGRIMAGE HEAVENWARD.

"Jacinth this morning on waking found herself standing at a spot, where to her left hand extended downwards a most dreary, dark, and dreadful country, black as night, full of pits, pitfalls, and many confused pathways. In dark hollows were desolate huts to be seen, where dwelt robbers whom she knew would waylay unwary travellers. Here and there arose bushes, whilst sad-looking, gaunt trees leaned about like dying people. It was a land of utter desolation and danger. High above to the right rose a glorious gleaming land of sunshine. It was to this land of brightness that she knew she was bound on pilgrimage. But how was she to attain to this land? Was her way thither to lead through that terrible region of darkness and of danger, of snares and of pitfalls? There above, only as it seemed at a mile's distance, rose the lofty gates of the Bright Land. They stood wide open, and they shone so brightly that they lighted the whole of that wide, strange landscape. Once within the gates, what repose! what sunshine! what order! what grace! what acres of unending trees, shrubs, and flowers, filling the air with sweet odours, making all glorious to the eye! Indeed this country must be the land of Heaven itself. In the gleaming light before the great white gates played a fountain—the fountain of Living Water of Life! But how to attain to this place of blessedness. Whilst looking upward, and longing and seeking for a path which led thither, some one path amongst the many confused path-ways to the left, which descended into the darkness, an Angel appeared, saying that he would conduct her heavenwards. But on no account must she turn to the left, or

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\* Madame Guion gives the following suggestive passage when referring to appearances of our Lord beheld in vision. She says: "La vision n'est jamais de Dieu même, ni presque jamais de Jésus Christ comme ceux qui l'ont se l'imaginent; c'est un ange de lumière qui selon le pouvoir qui lui en est donné de Dieu, fait voir à l'ame sa représentation, qu'il prend lui-même. Il me paraît que les apparitions que l'on croit de Jésus Christ même, sont à-peu-près comme le soleil même, cependant ce n'est que son image. Jésus Christ se peint lui-même de cette sorte dans l'intelligence; ce qu'on nomme visions *intellectuelles*, qui sont les plus parfaites, ou par les Anges, qui étant de pures intelligences peuvent être imprimées ainsi, et se montrer de la sorte. St. Francois d'Assise très-éclairé sur les visions, n'a jamais attribué à Jésus Christ même l'impression de ses stigmates, mais à un Seraphin, qui étant éligé de Jésus Christ le lui imprima."—*La Vie de Madame Guion*. I. Partie; Chap. IX.

descend. These confused paths were the labyrinthine paths of evil and sin. The *right* path was to the right and upwards, and led directly towards the bright gates. Thus saying he pointed out to Jacintha what before she had not observed—the broad ‘King’s highway’ which lay direct before her, illuminated by the light of the beautiful gates, and the road was safety. How great was Jacintha’s delight!

“Two nights later, on January 12-13, her morning vision of the King’s high-way was continued in a ‘dream of the night.’ In this dream Jacintha set forth on her pilgrimage. In it she found herself upon the broad road leading towards the shining gates. Her body appeared to her extremely heavy, so heavy, indeed, that it was with difficulty that she could move. A beautiful female Spirit who rode a splendid grey horse, came up to her and asked her to mount and ride on with her. This Spirit, whose countenance was most benign and beautiful withal, smiled upon the weary way-farer and drawing her up seated her within her lap, as though Jacintha had been a child. Thus they commenced their journey towards the gates. The weight, however, of the body of Jacintha seemed ever to drag her downwards and make her fall from the horse. It was impossible for her to keep herself seated in the lap of the Spirit. Each time, however, that Jacintha slipped and fell off the horse, dragged downwards by the weight of body, the loving Spirit only smiled more tenderly, and stopped her horse, again to draw up Jacintha and seat her in her lap. Again and again did this occur, and yet the beautiful lady evinced no impatience nor vexation; spoke no word of blame. Jacintha marvelled at a patience so divine, and observed that every time that the Spirit paused and smilingly assisted her to re-mount, she (the Spirit) appeared ever to grow more beautiful. ‘I, also,’ said the Spirit-lady, ‘have travelled along this road as you have done, and repeatedly stumbled as you are doing. Look! observe these large white stones which mark certain spots along the road. These white stones mark the places where I stumbled. You also must persevere; you must never be discouraged.’ Jacintha felt herself to be greatly strengthened by this beautiful dream, and knew that it was to manifest to her, how divinely beautiful is the Spirit of Patience—and how helpful!”

Many have been the ever-changing vicissitudes of Jacintha’s inward life since these buffetings and scourgings of the Spirit, these vigils and “dyings daily.” Ever and anon her inward heaven has again been beclouded with tempests of “vastation;” but amidst storms and winds and dreams of calm ever recurrent, there has been observed by her mistress a growth of the spiritual and celestial nature of her servant into ever higher and purer regions. Watching this growth with a trembling solicitude, she has not failed in her heart to exclaim, in the spirit—if not in the exact words—of the Psalmist, “Thou hast delivered *her* soul from Death, *her* eyes from tears, *her* feet from falling—*she* shall walk in the Land of the Living! What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?”

## A GHOST STORY FROM THE SHIRES.

BY FRANK PODMORE, B.A.

IN a quiet and pretty village in the Midlands there stands an old house, built, it is supposed, in the 13th or 14th century by the Knights of St. John. There is an old legend current about the house, that some century ago it belonged to a man who travelled abroad and left his wife behind him. Whilst abroad he fell in love with a foreign lady, whom he persuaded to live with him for some time. One year he returned home alone, and rejoined his lawful wife, but, after a brief interval, went abroad again, and has never since been heard of. Some time after his departure his neighbours broke into the house, and found there traces of the murder of his wife.

The house was purchased about 25 years back by a gentleman, whom I will call Mr. A. The house was then in a very ruinous condition, and Mr. A. had it thoroughly repaired. Tradition states that there is an underground passage leading from the church, which is situated not far from the house, but on the other side of the road, to a wide chimney situated on the ground floor of the house. Mr. A. was not positive as to the actual existence of this passage, but he did find an opening in the chimney, which might have been the entrance to it. This opening he caused to be blocked up. He also found a passage leading from this ground-floor chimney and hollowed out in the thickness of the wall, to a similar chimney on the first floor, placed on another aspect of the house. This passage terminated in a small chamber—such as were frequently used in old days for the purpose of concealing valuable persons or property—situated in the second chimney, midway between the first and second floor. This passage and chamber were entirely built up.

Mr. A. let the house, but no one would stop in it for long. It remained vacant for eleven years. Then a farmer took it for eighteen months, but left it because he was annoyed by strange noises. The house had by this time, if not before, gained the reputation of being haunted.

For these details of the past history of the house, and for the first part of the account which follows, I am indebted to one P—, to whom I was introduced by a mutual friend in June, 1878. Mr. P. very kindly told me all that he himself and his friends had seen or heard in the house, and all that he had been able to gather from Mr. A. of its previous history. He also permitted me to question him freely on the things seen and heard by himself and others between



March, 1875, and the date of my interview with him. He further gave me a plan of the house—or rather, of the first floor, wherein nearly all the incidents he narrated occurred. I made hasty notes at the time of his verbal narrative, and of his answers to my queries, and wrote out my notes in full at the close of the interview.

In March, 1875, Miss B——, an aunt of my informant, and a young lady friend, Miss C——, took the house on lease from Mr. A. For the right understanding of what follows I will attempt to describe the relative positions of the rooms on the first floor, which formed the theatre of the ghostly occurrences. At the end of a passage lighted by two windows there was a door opening into Miss C.'s bed-room: the bed was placed against the wall on the same side as the door; and on the other side of the bed, also on the same wall, was a door leading into a small dressing-room. Through the dressing-room was another and larger room, which formed Miss B.'s bed-room. One wall of this last room, it will be seen, if my description has been followed, was formed by the inner wall of the passage above described. The dressing-room was only half the breadth of either of the bedrooms, leaving a space of several feet where the two bed-rooms were divided from each other by only the thickness of a wall. But this wall, which is common to the two bed-rooms, contained the wide fire-place and chimney above mentioned, and also the secret chamber, now built up. There were two other rooms on the first floor, and corresponding rooms on the second floor.

The reputation of the house was already known to my informant and his friends, and various unaccountable noises had already been heard in it; but nothing definite had appeared, nor had Mr. P. apparently received any definite account of apparitions previously seen in the house. In July, 1875, Mr. P., who was then staying in the house, left the drawing-room (which was also on the first floor) at 12.30 A.M., some time after the ladies had retired, and was about to enter his own bed-room, which lay next to the drawing-room, on the first floor, when he saw on the landing above him, between the first and second floors, the figure of a woman. The figure was tall, dressed in what appeared to be a loose grey dressing-gown, fastened at the waist by a girdle, with very light hair falling over her shoulders. Mr. P. went half way up the stairs to the landing, and stood below the figure, watching it for fully five minutes, until it gradually faded out of sight. The apparition was visible by the light of the candle which Mr. P. carried, and by that of the full moon shining through the staircase window. The next morning he mentioned that he

had seen an apparition, but refused to give any description of it.

On December 16th, of the same year, Miss C., when in bed (the bed, it will be remembered, was placed against the wall, in which the secret chamber was situated), became conscious of a presence in her room. A setter, which slept in the bed, whined, became uneasy, and finally crept under the bed, from whence it refused to stir all the night. Miss C. then heard a scream behind her bed, proceeding apparently from the secret chamber. She fell into hysterics, screamed, and brought down her maid from above, who found her seriously upset.

In July, 1876, the noises of footsteps, and the ringing of bells in the middle of the night—which had caused some annoyance before—became very much more frequent. The front door bell was frequently rung. Also a bell having two pulls, the one on the ground-floor, and the other on the first floor. These bells were rung when all the servants were in bed on the second floor, and they frequently came downstairs in answer to the supposed summons.

At Christmas-tide, 1876, Miss B., when in bed, saw above the washing-stand (which was placed against the wall of the secret chamber) the appearance of a long low window with the blind drawn down, and a light shining through it to her. The light was strong enough to light up the various objects in the room, and in the dressing-room beyond: both doors of this last room were open, and Miss B. called to Miss C. to come and see this strange light. Miss C. replied that she again felt the strange presence behind her, and was too frightened to move. The dog, as on the previous occasion, jumped under the bed.

Next morning Miss B. asked an elderly woman and her daughter, a child of five years, who slept in the room above her, if they had seen anything out of the way. The woman had seen a light move across the room in the direction of the door. The child, at the same time, had seen a woman in a white dress, carrying a lighted candle, walk across the room, and through the door (which was, of course, shut).

In August, 1877, Miss C. being away in Scotland, had a dream which she narrated to Mr. P. She dreamed that she was in her own room, on the point of getting into bed, when she heard a knock at the passage-door. She cried, "Come in," but there was no answer: only the dog grew uneasy. When she was in bed, the knock was repeated; she again answered, but no one entered, and the dog grew still more uneasy. Miss C., in her dream, then opened the door, and, looking down the passage, saw a woman in a grey dressing-gown, with a girdle round her waist, bearing a light, and with her back turned

towards her. Her hair, which was flaxen in colour, streamed over her shoulders. Miss C., still in her dream, said, "If you have anything to tell me, speak now, and I will listen." The woman turned and said, "I will." Hereupon Miss C. woke up with a scream. Mr. P. assured us that up to this time he had never disclosed to Miss C. or his aunt the figure which he had himself seen.

On December 15th, 1877, Miss B., Miss C., and my informant sat up the whole evening in Miss C.'s room, with a bright fire, but with no other light, waiting for ghostly visitations. At about 11.45 P.M., a noise was heard in Miss B.'s room, and Mr. P. went there to listen. The room was in total darkness. He heard a sound as of a lady walking up and down, either in the room itself or in the passage, in a long silk train. He listened for some time, and then returned, and told what he had heard to the others.

Miss B. was incredulous and went in alone. She shut the door on her, and presently returned, saying that she had seen a bright light above the bed, near the ceiling, and had heard knockings on the wall, near the secret chamber, which she accused the others of having made. They, of course, had not done so, nor had they even heard the knockings. Then Miss C. and my informant went in and closed the door. They heard the rustling of the dress, and saw a light at the corner of the bed, about three or four feet from the floor. Then Miss C. declared that she felt a presence behind her, and fainted away. Mr. P. carried her to the other room, and shortly afterwards returned himself, closing the door. He then observed the light which he had seen before more closely. It was like an ordinary candle-flame, pointed like it, but rather fuller at the base, or thickest part. It was a bluish yellow; but the yellow bore a very much smaller proportion to the blue than in a candle-flame. The light was about four inches long, and danced up and down, a few inches being its maximum variation. It proceeded to the corner included between the passage-wall and the wall between the two bed-rooms, and was there rejoined by many others. Mr. P. went to the same corner, and stood about two feet from the flames. He then heard, as if proceeding from behind the wall, a man's voice and a woman's. They were talking rapidly and excitedly, but he could not catch any words. Lastly, he heard a scream and a heavy fall. Simultaneously all the lights joined into one, and illumined for a moment all the surrounding objects—which they had not, in any appreciable degree, done before—and then went out altogether. Mr. P. then returned, and told what he had seen.

It was now 1.15 A.M. Miss B. went in alone to her bed-room,

and closed the door. While she was absent, Miss C. and Mr. P. heard a scream, and a man's voice in the direction of the outer door of Miss C.'s room. Then they heard a heavy step, as if of a man passing through the window behind them, and on to the dressing-table below, and then on to the ground. The steps then crossed the room, passed between Miss C. and the wall, and disappeared in the fire-place. The bright light of the fire showed no person in the room except themselves. The fire-place, where the footsteps ceased, and the chimney attached to it, have nothing remarkable about them.

Miss B. shortly returned. She had not heard the voice, the scream or the footsteps; but she had been conscious of a presence in the further room. The three then talked together till 1.45 A.M., when Mr. P. left the ladies to go to his own room. In going out at the door, with his arm full of books, he had to turn completely round, with his back to the passage, in order to shut it after him. On turning round again, he found peering over his shoulder, with her flaxen hair, the face of the woman whom he had before seen on the staircase-landing. For the first time that night Mr. P. felt a little nervous and upset by this sudden apparition.

I have no personal knowledge of Mr. P. I was introduced to him, as I have already said, for the express purpose of hearing this account from his own lips, and I have never seen him since. But he is a clergyman of the English Church, and the friend of a friend of mine, and I hold it impossible to question his good faith and integrity. It is, however, of course, possible that the above narrative—in which I believe myself to have faithfully reproduced the substance of what he told me, and as far as possible the actual words which he used, is more or less coloured and exaggerated. But I do not think that even this is likely. Mr. P. appears to have been a very cool-headed and shrewd observer. I questioned him very closely on all the important points of his narrative (our interview lasted just two hours), and I found him perfectly clear and consistent. But, however that may be, for this further account of the same apparitions—an account which gives the most startling confirmation to Mr. P.'s narrative—I have testimony, if possible, still more unimpeachable. The witness of the phenomena recorded below is a friend of my own; a man whom I have known personally for some two or three years. For his veracity I can vouch; and he has as much common sense as is compatible with a belief in the Divine right of kings, and the foreign policy of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

In December, 1878, my friend H. obtained Miss B.'s permission, she and her friend having then been absent from the

house for some months, to spend a night in the house in question. On the 19th of that month he went alone to the house, which was then tenanted only by an old housekeeper. He had provided himself with a loaded revolver, a sword (borrowed for the occasion), and the "Ethics" of Aristotle. He reached the house at 9 P.M., and having established himself, with a couple of candles, but without a fire, in what had been Miss C.'s room, set himself to read the Ethics. Nothing happened until about 11.30 P.M. Then, casting his eyes upwards, he saw near the ceiling some lights similar to those described by Mr. P. The lights were fairly numerous, but concentrated on that part of the ceiling which was nearest to the party wall. They were only about an inch long, and appeared to be almost entirely blue. Notwithstanding the candles which were burning in the room, they were distinctly visible from where H. was sitting; but they themselves seemed to have little, if any, illuminating effect upon surrounding objects. They hovered close to the ceiling, the apex being only, perhaps, an inch distant. By standing on a chair, he was able to put his hand amongst them, and over them. They did not burn or even feel hot to his touch, and they remained and played about on his hand as before on the ceiling. They did not dance, as described by P., but *pulsated*, appearing to grow smaller and then to expand again, their motions resembling those of medusæ in expanding and contracting their umbrellas. H. was unable to give, even approximately, the time of this vibration, but it was slow, and, he believed, with no regular period. On going into Miss B.'s room, without a candle, he found similar lights there also, and clustered, as in the outer room, most thickly on the ceiling nearest to the party wall. These lights remained visible for some hours. H. was quite unable to explain the lights, but he was positive that they were not *reflections* of any kind: for they did not appear actually *on* the ceiling, but at a short distance from it, and, moreover, he never succeeded in eclipsing one of them.

At about 1.30 A.M. he went downstairs for a few minutes, taking with him the revolver, but, as it was a moonlight night, and no blinds were drawn, without a candle. On his returning, as he was opening the door and about to enter the room again, he felt very cold, and experienced a peculiar sensation. He turned round, and saw, apparently having just come through the passage window, and standing about four yards from him, the figure of a woman—tall, in a high-waisted dress, with fair hair, and holding a candle. The eyes were blue, the lower part of the face shadowy and indistinct. He did not notice how the hair was arranged, but it was very fair. The

dress was a dull light blue, or bluish grey. To the waist was attached a rosary, or, possibly, a chatelaine—at any rate, it terminated in a cross. He saw the figure by the light of the candle which it carried, aided by the light of the moon shining through the window.

Thinking, at first, that it might be some one playing a trick upon him, he raised the revolver, and said something of this kind, "Leave off this foolery; if you don't speak I shall fire at you, whether you are a woman or not." He waited, but as there was no sound or movement, he fired at the figure; but, still fearing that it might be a hoax, he fired at the lower part of the body. When the smoke cleared away, he found the figure still standing there unmoved. He then took deliberate aim at the breast (he is a good shot) and fired again. The figure remained motionless as before. He now lost his nerve, fired again at random, and, without waiting to see the effect of his shot, ran back into the room. He went out again half an hour afterwards, when he had recovered his courage, but the figure had gone. He found two of the bullets in the wall, the third could not be found. He remained in the house until 5 a.m., but nothing more was seen or heard.

I should add that H. had received from P. a description of the figure and the lights as seen by the latter; but he did not know, until I told him, that P. had seen the figure in the same spot, and at the same hour as H., just a year before.

The house, I believe, remained unoccupied for some months after the incident last narrated. During the summer months, including July, of 1879 it was occupied by a gentleman whose address I have not as yet been able to ascertain. It was purchased at Michaelmas by the gentleman who now lives in it. Till the end of 1879, and throughout December of that year, a builder, who was making some alterations in the house for the present owner, lived in it, sleeping in Miss C.'s room. He, I understand, witnessed no unusual phenomena. The present owner of the house writes to me in April of this year:—"We entered the house in January, 1880, and have lived here, with short intervals, since. These intervals have included part, but not the whole, of July and December in each year. Thus in 1880 we were away all July, but our servants remained in the house; in December we were at home till the 16th, and when we left our servants remained. In 1881 we were here until the 21st July, and I returned for the last three days of the month; the servants were here throughout. In December we remained until the 14th, the servants a few days longer, and the gardener took charge, sleeping in Miss C.'s room." No member of the household during these two years appears to have seen or heard anything abnormal.



Two or three points in the story call for some remarks. The first is, that the dog, as well as his mistress, appear to have been sensible of a presence in the room, which did not manifest itself to any of the senses, and was only perceived apparently by a vague feeling of uneasiness. This sensitiveness of animals—dogs and horses especially—to ghostly visitations, sometimes even in a greater degree than men, is a common and well authenticated feature in accounts of this kind. It appears to me to dispose, once and for all, of the cheap explanation that such phenomena spring entirely from the over-excited imagination of the seer or auditor. It is interesting, too, as affording additional proof of the entirely material character, in many instances, of these apparitions.

Another point of interest in the account is the remarkable discrepancy in what was seen by the old servant and by her daughter, at the same time, and under precisely similar circumstances. It affords an instructive parallel to the difference in perceptive power said to be observed amongst clairvoyants in the exercise of their alleged powers.

But unquestionably the most interesting of the phenomena recorded are the lights or flames. We may probably take H.'s as the most accurate description. It is not unlikely that the flames seen by P. were actually larger than those seen by H., but I think we may not unfairly assume, that what P. described as the dancing up and down of the flame, was really the pulsating motion described by H., which, to a hasty glance, or an imperfect memory, would present the appearance as of dancing. In other respects the two accounts of the phenomenon fairly coincide. Now it looks at first sight as if these flames might be due to natural causes. [And by using the word *natural* in this connection, I by no means wish to imply that if traced to a ghostly origin, they would be unnatural, or non-natural. In truth, we want a word to express a sufficiently definite idea—that of the *hypo-psychical*, if we coin a word on the analogy of supernatural. *Phenomenal* won't do—for the next world, and the things of it, would appear to be most certainly phenomenal. Even *material* or *physical* will not serve our purpose, unless we give to "matter" and "physics" a more restricted signification than the terms have at present, or than, logically speaking, they ought to have. How would *thisworldly* do?] And it is, of course, not impossible that they might be traced to the influence of some cause known, at least by implication, to physical science. The will-o'-the-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*, a wandering light seen on marshes, swampy pools, low-lying churchyards, and other spots where decaying organic matter is associated with abund-

ant moisture, presents some analogy to it. I have never heard of anybody having caught a will-o'-the-wisp, but the light is generally explained as being that of burning marsh-gas. Now, marsh-gas burns with considerable heat, as anybody may prove by putting his finger into a jet of common household gas, of which this substance forms a large proportion. But it is obvious that the lights described by H., which were entirely free from heat, could not be due to the actual *burning* of any substance.

There are certain electrical phenomena described in books of travel, etc., which also appear to present some resemblance to these lights. Flames and balls of fire are seen to play about in a ship's rigging during a thunderstorm in the tropics. In *Nature* for March 2, 9, and 23, under the heading "A Strange Phenomenon," there are descriptions of some remarkable flames seen by various observers to play about the person during a violent storm. These flames were obviously electrical in their origin, and without sensible heat. But these and all similar phenomena appear to be observed only during the actual progress of a thunderstorm. Now the flames seen by H. showed themselves on a clear, moonlight night. And were there no other difference, this fact alone would be sufficient to remove them from the category of St. Elmo's fires. On the whole, I think it most likely that, seeing that some of the accompanying phenomena was distinctly psychical, or otherworldly, that these flames were psychical also. But perhaps some reader of the *Psychological Review* can throw light upon the subject, or can furnish some instance of analogous appearances, physical or psychical.

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## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GALL.

BY SOPHIA ELIZABETH DE MORGAN.

### PART II.

I BEG the reader to bear in mind what has been said of the simple perceptions of height, size, form, colour, etc. In the centre of the forehead, immediately above *Form*, is an organ which has been called *Individuality*. It must not be forgotten that each organ received its name, in the first instance, from the discoverer's perception of a quality common to all having that form of brain; hence, names have often expressed the result of the action of more than one lobe; and it is probable that in this, as in other cases, the name might be simplified with advantage. Indeed, we cannot anticipate, any more than could the earlier experimenters in chemistry, how far the simplification of elements in cerebro-mental philosophy will be

carried. Dr. John Elliotson told the writer that he believed every fibre of the brain had its separate function. It is now seen that the brain consists of cells as well as fibres; but names are of less importance as long as we remember that the knowledge they express is not final.

*Individuality*, or *Objectivity*, is the channel through which is conveyed the perception of objects in their entirety. Its function is a combination of the results of *Form*, *Size*, *Weight*, and *Colour*, below it, and its conditions depend on the pairs of which it is the centre, or keystone. The organ immediately above it is *Eventuality*. I take the two together, because they are both equally related to the side organs, *Locality* and *Time*. *Locality*, the perception of relative position, determines the place of objects on the earth; *Time*, its place in the succession of events. The man or woman who, with *Time* and *Place*, has *Individuality* large, will recognise things or objects accurately. When, with *Individuality*, he has *Eventuality*, just above it, large, he will be a biographer or historian; but to be a philosophical historian, to trace events to their causes in human action, and the action of all the characters in the world's drama, to their motives in men's hearts, the possessors of *Individuality* with *Eventuality*, and their conditioning qualities, *Place* and *Time*, must also have those high complex perceptions, known as the reasoning powers, which lie above, and of which I have yet to speak.

We will consider *Locality* first. This pair of organs—one of which lies on each side of *Individuality*, and even rather above, so as to adjoin *Eventuality*—gives the perception of place, or relative position. It has been already mentioned as one of the earliest found by Gall, who, when a lad at school, often wished to return to the places where he had seen birds' nests. He never could find these, and therefore took with him a boy, named Schleider, who went at once, as if by instinct, to the place. This boy was not clever in other ways, and Gall asked him how he contrived to guide himself so surely. The boy, in reply, asked how he, Gall, contrived to lose himself everywhere. Gall moulded his head in the hope of finding some peculiarity of organisation. He afterwards found other persons having the same faculty, and the same development of brain just above each eye, in which he was himself very deficient.\*

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\* For this and other details relating to the discovery of the organs, see "George Combe's System of Phrenology," 2 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1843. Much information is contained in this work; but Mr. Combe has not set forth the manner in which I have tried to show how the higher organs are administered to by the lower.

Persons who have *Locality* large find their way in strange places with ease, and are ready in learning maps, or in playing games, such as chess, in which the relative places of the pieces form an element. It is especially the traveller's and the geographer's faculty; but it is needed also in other combinations, for the tacticians or the commander of an army. It would be impossible to say in how many combinations the organ enters, or in how many mental operations it plays an essential part; and my suggestion that *Weight* and *Size*, both immediately below *Locality*, bear reference to our position on the earth is strengthened by their place with relation to this organ. They are close to and below it. As *Form* and its adjuncts is just below *Individuality*, supplying it with the elements of its existence, so *Weight* and *Size* are below *Locality*; and, as perceptions of our relations to the centre and surface of the earth, supply elements to that function which takes cognisance of all relative positions upon it.

Next to *Locality*, and, on each outer side of the pair,\* is *Time*. Its function is what its name implies. Its owner has the power of estimating time. He will, if a musician, be a good timeist. He will have the first necessary element of punctuality. If he have *Eventuality* and *Time*, perhaps with other organs needed for history, he will remember dates accurately.

Perhaps we may make an approach to the simplification of this organ, and of its neighbour, *Locality*, by recalling the definition of it given by Cousin,† and by him taken from Schelling. *Time* is a measure, the result of our state as limited or created beings; for limitation is a necessary condition of creation. *Time* has been said to be a measure of eternity. This is rather a practical than a true definition, but it is hard to be accurate in treating of conceptions which have baffled the profoundest thinkers. We may be safe in saying that the *objective* element in *Time* is supplied by the rhythmical and orderly movement of the heavenly bodies, and the earthly seasons depending on them, and the *subjective* element, is the power with which the mind is gifted to receive impressions of the occurrence and duration of these movements, and of the intervals between them.

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\* It is important to remember all positions as we go on. The range of simple perceptions, having *Form* in their centre, is the lowest. Above them are *Locality* and *Time*, having *Individuality*, with *Eventuality*, in their centre.

† I wish I could be more particular in reference, but I am without books, and depend on slight extracts made for another purpose, or on memory.

If Time is the measure or limitation of Eternity, Space is the measure or limitation of Infinity; and the perception of place is the mental faculty adapted to receive impressions of the objective limitation. These two elements, the objective and subjective, are inseparable from the work of any one faculty, because they are inseparable from ourselves and the surroundings, whatever may be the essential nature of these, in which our Creator places us.

It is not possible, in describing the work of the higher parts of the intellectual functions of the brain, to keep clear of metaphysics. But if what has been said of those difficult entities, space and duration, is intelligible, there will be less difficulty in approaching the more complicated functions of the organs just above those of *Locality* and *Time*.

These, situated in the higher part of the forehead, are the two pairs—*Comparison* and *Causality*. They are found to give the power of reasoning. If they are very deficient in a head, the individual may be sharp and clever in observation, and in those branches of knowledge which depend only on objective facts, but he will be destitute of all inferential or deductive ability, and his arguments will be utterly worthless.

The pair called *Comparison*\* is placed one on each side of the perpendicular line—which divides the forehead. The group which supplies it consists of *Objectivity* and *Eventuality* in the centre, and at their side, and adjoining *Comparison*, the organ of *Locality*. *Comparison* gives the perception of the relation or resemblance of objects to each other, and not only that resemblance of objects which helps to classification, but the resemblance of ideas and classes. It is the chief element in analogical arguments, but it is also the poet's organ. With *Ideality* and *Language* it enriches the language of poetry with metaphor, sometimes, as in the case of Shelley, so perfect that we are apt to forget that the expressions are not literally true, but are as well fitted for the description as if they were not borrowed from another sphere of life.

*Comparison* enters into all reasoning. Classification, and

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\* Phrenologists have not, as yet, found any organ closer to the median line than *Comparison*. But, from the analogies of the central organs below it, namely, *Form*, *Individuality*, and *Eventuality*, one would be led to suspect that the portion which has come under the name of *Comparison* may consist of two parts, the inner pair having a function which should bear some relation to the outer, like that which *Form* bears to *Size*, *Weight*, and *Colour*, which, together, make it an object; or *Objectivity* to *place* and *time*, which conditions prepare it for *Eventuality*. This, however, is only suggestive.

the abstract idea of a class thence resulting, is the work of this organ, and all analogy owes whatever it has of value to its power and activity. If it predominate over its neighbour *Causality*, the reasoner will depend too much on analogy, and too little on deduction in his arguments, nevertheless it is absolutely essential to a sound logic, for comparison enters into the simplest syllogism. To say, with a certainty of the truth of the assertion, all birds have two wings; the lark is a bird, therefore the lark has two wings, birds must have been compared together, and a common quality have been found in all. *Comparison* and *Causality* are the logician's organs, but he needs many of the others, and all mental work, not simply logical, demands *Comparison* and *Causality*.

It has been said by metaphysicians that the reasoning powers depend on the perception of objects, as they exist in *Space*, and as they exist in *Time*. This definition will apply to *Comparison* and *Causality*. The things which we compare, whether ideas or objects, must be brought together at once, either absolutely or in imagination; and this *comparison* is, in other words, the perception of them as they exist in *Space*. *Time*, or the idea of duration, does not enter into the process. Now, consider the position of the organ of *Comparison*, close to the middle of the upper part of the forehead, mediately above *Individuality*, *Eventuality*, and their components, all of which supply it with ideas which form the material of its work, and immediately above and adjoining *Locality*, which is an indispensable condition of its action. *Comparison* is the theorist's organ. He sees the results of certain conditions or combinations, and he argues that what is true in this case will be true in all similar ones. But no argument can be complete if founded on *Comparison* only. Another element is needed, and this is *Causality*, or the perception of objects in *Time*.

This pair of organs lies one on each side of *Comparison*, and receives impressions made by objects or events in a different relation, that of Cause and Effect, or invariable succession. The simplest work of this complex perception (it is the perception of an abstraction) is with the chain of sequences. It notes an event as consequent on the one which preceded it, which itself resulted from previous events, and as the inevitable forerunner of the event which follows. In the deductions of a chain of argument in which no links are left out, the faculties of *Comparison* and *Causality* are both active. In its simplest form, *Causality* answers to the metaphysical definition of one of the elements of reasoning, the perception of objects in *Time*. Now, as *Comparison* is directly above, and adjoins



to *Place* or *Locality*, so *Causality* is immediately above, and adjoins to, *Time*. If these relative positions of all the intellectual organs are the result of coincidence and guess work, where do the proofs of coincidence stop, and those of design begin?

There is a pair of organs, each of which lies above and to the side of *Causality*. It was first observed in the foreheads of humorous and witty persons, those who readily perceived the ridiculous, and who saw every thing from a funny or absurd point of view. Noted humorists had it prominently; the name of *Wit* was given to it, and the faculty of humour or mirthfulness was ascribed to the portion of brain in which it was believed to reside.

But this organ is often found in the heads of persons whose humorous efforts are of the poorest kind, and it is also largely developed in the heads of philosophers and scientific men, whose thoughts may be brightened by humorous illustration, but in whom wit is not the predominant faculty. This organ (No. 20) is just above *Causality* and *Comparison*, but approaches the region of the feelings or moral perceptions, which lie at the top of the head. Whether its function is connected with those of *Ideality* and *Wonder*, and draws some of its material from *Comparison* and *Causality*, cannot be asserted at present. It is certain that the perception of difference, or of incongruity, which is the first element of humour, belongs to it. Whether its possessor be a student of science or a literary man, I believe it will be found that this perception of incongruity (perhaps also of congruity or mental harmony), has a large share in his intellectual work.

I must not go on farther with the analysis of the intellectual organs of this division. This little specimen will show something of the principle on which to proceed with the rest of the head. Perhaps there may be a little more difficulty in finding the relations the parts bear to each other as we go from perceptions which are more complicated, such as that of *incongruity*, and rise into the region of feeling, which lies at the top of the head, and for which we find the work of the intellect supplying material, as we found the higher perceptions deriving their material from the lower. But the relations of all the organs to each other will be found to follow an order as clear as that I have described, and in their higher parts even more beautiful, because more delicately interwoven.

All the apparatus necessary for attaining and conveying the idea of an individual or of a class, with their social relations, is found in the organs of the forehead. The *feelings* which are impressed and acted on by these ideas lie on the top of the head. Of these the first is *Benevolence*, or love to our own

species. The place it fills is just that which, according to the psychological order I have traced, must belong to it; for it is just above those qualities which give the knowledge of the objects it has to exercise itself upon, and it is in immediate proximity with other feelings to which it is closely allied, whose character and relation to it must be afterwards noticed.

*Benevolence*, like the other organs, is double, the vertical line dividing the pair. Gall was led to the discovery of its function in the following manner. One of his friends was constantly praising the exceeding kindness and goodness of heart of his young man-servant Joseph, begging Dr. Gall to examine his head. The description of this young man recalled the recollection of another whom he knew, and who was very much like Joseph in goodness and generosity. He was speaking of these cases in a family, when the daughter exclaimed that her brother's character was exactly like that of the two other young men. "I had thus," said Gall, "three cases in which goodness of disposition was strongly marked." He took casts of the three, and examined them till he should find a development common to all. The heads were in other respects very different, but the fulness and height in the part just above the forehead were strongly marked. This served as a guide for further observation, and he found that the development invariably accompanied the quality, and that its absence, indicated by flatness and depression, of this part of the head might be observed in the heads of persons in whom kindness of heart was wanting. If, lacking *Benevolence*, they had Destructiveness and Combativeness large, they were certainly cruel and hard-hearted, and might even be found in the class of ferocious criminals.

*Benevolence* is equally the organ of the large-minded philanthropist, and the possibly small-minded Lady Bountiful, for its action and direction will depend much on the combinations in which it is found.

On each side of *Benevolence* is an organ numbered on the casts 21, and called in the first instance *Imitation*, because it was found in the heads of persons addicted to mimicry. It is quite true that in some combinations its work is shown in this way, but it is also found in persons who enter readily into the feelings of others, and in their case *Benevolence* is quickened and made deeper by *Sympathy*. Like No. 20, which is close to it, this organ seems to have a function belonging to the moral as well as the mental part of our nature, and its position in the head would seem to justify this idea. The place of *Sympathy* on each side of *Benevolence* is also very significant, for this central organ embodies the feeling of which *Sympathy* may be held to be an extension.

At the vertex of the head, behind *Benevolence*, and between the two pairs of Hope and Marvellousness (both, as we shall see its mental adjuncts), is that portion of brain whose highest function it is to convey impressions of that which is above ourselves, even of the Divine. It gives height to the top of the head. There are persons who have this organ largely developed, in whom its activity appears in an overwhelming sense of the greatness of worldly positions. They are penetrated with respect by princes, dukes, and lords, and artificial grandeur. Mrs. Wittitlerly, who was "excited by the nobility, of course," must have had a good share of this organ on the top of her receding forehead. In contrast and comparison with such as she, we have Mrs. Fry and Madame Guyon, both so imbued with the consciousness of God's presence that they truly lived in and with Him, and their faith in the power they felt made them strong to repel evils and raise the sorrowful. Veneration according to the conditions and circumstances in which it is found, and the other portions of brain accompanying it, will constitute the silly rank worshipper, the mischievous fanatic, or the enlightened religious teacher and saint. According to the man's mind will be the God he worships, because according to the character formed by the combination of all his organs will be the character of that which excites his reverence.

It will be said by the atheist, To impress the other mental faculties, a perceptible external object exists. It is true, and we can see and feel it. But to excite veneration, there are no objects except those of earth and the fancy of the man himself, gathered in its highest form from abstract ideas, derived from earthly things. So, even on the showing of the phrenologist, there is no God, and no power above humanity. It is true that the simple elemental perceptions have their external apparent objects, which call them into activity. The earthly affections, too, lying at the back and base of the brain, have earthly apparent objects answering to them, and calling forth their exercise. But, as we rise higher in the organisation we approach the unseen. The work of the reflective organs is the formation of *abstractions*. Benevolence and Imitation, or Sympathy, though excited by individuals, can also be excited by the idea or recollection of a number of individuals, and Marvellousness and Hope, which lie on each side of Veneration, are acknowledged, in the mental processes ascribed to them, to deal with the unseen. The invisibility of the object, then, is no reason for believing that no object exists for the excitement and highest exercise of the faculty or feeling of veneration. To those who are endowed with the spiritual perception,

which appears to be the highest function of this organ, the existence and presence of the Divine Father is as real as that of any thing attested by the senses or the affections. To those not so gifted, the declarations of those who are are as fruitless as the assurance of one who sees that an object exists to the man who is blind.

Gall first discovered the organ of Veneration by observing a great height in the head of one of his brothers, who, when a boy, had been remarkable for his religious tendencies. Instead of amusing himself with boys and games, he spent much of his time in prayer, saying masses, and making crucifixes and religious vessels and ornaments. He quitted the work for which his father destined him, became a recluse, and, after five years, entered the church. This case gave Gall the first idea of connecting the part of the brain at the vertex of the head with its function of conveying religious impressions. A very large number of observations made subsequently confirmed his first conjecture. On each side of *Veneration* are *Hope*, *Marvellousness*, and *Ideality*. *Hope*, like *Veneration*, appears to have two if not more degrees in which it acts. One which, united with *Veneration*, may be called its spiritual degree, gives a conviction, or instinct, of the presence of God and of a future life; and one whose sphere of action is in this world. Its possessor has one strong element of happiness, the disposition to look forward to good, rather than evil results, and to take a cheerful view of life. *Marvellousness*, called at first *Wonder*, has the same division of function; not, as some very observant phrenologists assert, due entirely to the combination in which it is found. The faculty attributed by Gall and all the older phrenologists to *Marvellousness* was exactly what its name implies, a love of the marvellous. It shows itself, in the lowest form of its activity in great delight and interest in ghost stories, or in accounts of things strange and improbable. But, in its higher degree, it gives a perception of spiritual existences. The same remark will be made on this as that I have anticipated on the organ of *Veneration*. There are no such existences, as they exist only in fancy, and thus the supposed organ has no object and no reality. Those who have it say differently, and are, perhaps, in the condition of the seeing man and the blind one before supposed. But without attempting to pronounce on the question, I will only say, that the Apostles, John the Evangelist, St. Paul, and the seers, Swedenborg, Oberlin, and several others, men and women of sober minds and truthful natures, have given evidence enough on their own experience to render the subject worth examining in connection with the perception described.

*Ideality*, on each side of *Marvellousness*, is the poet's organ. It shows itself in what is called *Imagination*, a word which conveys different ideas to different minds. What the primary element of this organ is, has not, I think, been ascertained, and its functions can only be approximately described. It works with all the higher organs. With *Melody* and *Constructiveness* it makes the good musician and musical composer. With *Language*, etc., and *Constructiveness*, the poet; with *Form*, *Size*, etc., and *Constructiveness*, the artist. The organ called *Constructiveness*, whose function is well ascertained, closely adjoins it, and is necessary for bringing out all its practical and external manifestations. But *Constructiveness*, which is placed beside it, but a degree lower in the head, evidently deals with the material things of earth, and also with the embodiments, in words or pictures, of the imaginations of the poet and painter.

The double direction of the faculty is found in *Veneration*, *Hope*, *Marvellousness*, and *Sympathy*—probably in many of the other organs. It may be that the brain, growing from within, but finding material for assimilation from without, has at an early period of its formation only the grey cellular matter and the white fibre, which give power to receive and convey the earthly series of impressions; with the growth of the individual or of the nation a fresh layer is formed, and a higher function is executed. This conjecture receives some support from the fact that infant nations have most material ideas of the personality of their deities. It is also in accordance with the principles of national cerebral development now generally admitted.

In the nation as in the child, faculties are developed in a regular order. In both the *perceptions* grow and gain strength before the reasoning powers give evidence of their existence. These last then attain strength and maturity; the intellect becomes active, and everything gives way to it. After this, *Benevolence*, *Sympathy*, and *Conscientiousness* attain their full strength, and lastly, above all but including all, *Veneration*, *Hope*, and *Spiritual Life*, bring the completion believed to connect this world with the next.

The objection of unbelievers has been considered, namely, that the non-existence of any *apparent* object for the exercise of the religious perceptions, is a conclusive argument against the existence of God. I have shown that, according to the classification of faculties resulting from Gall's observations, the higher or further removed from our sensuous perceptions is the object, the higher is the position in the head of the portion of brain through which impressions of it are conveyed,

and the idea of the Divine is no more without an object than the idea of a feeling or faculty. But there is an objection of an opposite character which may be urged against the system by Spiritual believers. It is this. If the formation of the brain is the result of the growth of being, from the instant in which the life germ, or rather spark, begins to attract a body to itself, mind is entirely material, and the character, thoughts, and feelings are the product of the arrangement of atoms which compose the brain; different in different individuals, but depending on the combinations inherited from parents, and the circumstances of this life.

To this I reply, We Spiritualists have been taught, and the law and order of the whole universe confirm the teaching, that the Creative principle of Life is Love. This principle passing from its Divine source into ultimates, as Swedenborg expressed it, becomes, in the sphere of what is called matter, *attraction*. The vivifying or attractive power is from within. That which it attracts is external to itself, having been previously elaborated. The life constantly emanating from a sphere above it, and forming its own material covering, increases and enlarges its receptacle, the outer and coarser parts of which belong to this world only, and are cast off when done with, and the internal formation receives, and is nourished by, the higher and purer life. This again, we are told, will in the next state become external, and will gradually fall away. I believe the same process takes place throughout all Creation, and it depends upon the degree of growth and progress of the recipient material, whether the life ray will show itself in its material outbirth as a plant, an animal, or a human being.

It would seem that a change in the mode and direction of influx takes place at birth. Prior to this time only organic life has been formed, but after birth the senses and the simplest perceptions receive the vivifying principle, and as the brain becomes prepared and protected, the mental faculties and moral feelings are developed in the order I have described. The work of the brain in relation to the conscious soul is, in a higher degree, like what that of the nervous system is to the brain. It is the receptacle of impressions, and the instrument formed by the spirit to do its especial work in the formation of the spiritual being, preparing, fetching, and carrying impressions, and elaborating the material of thought and feeling, to make the spiritual body in the new life. These suggestions may remove the belief that Phrenology is necessarily a materialistic system.

I have been compelled by the length of this article to touch very slightly on the highest organs, those of *Benevolence*,



*Veneration, Hope, Marvellousness, and Ideality.* I have not mentioned Conscientiousness and Firmness which lie next to Veneration, to the back; and the organs at the back and sides of the head, those of the passions and affections have not been noticed. Neither have I anticipated the argument about responsibility, always brought forward by the believers in arbitrary punishment hereafter. To them, as to all, we would say, each one is responsible for the efforts he has made to act rightly, and "to his own master he standeth or falleth." But the believers in development and progress cannot, if they are consistent, oppose phrenology on this ground.

Thinking persons who deplore the present chaotic state of unbelief in the world, are looking instinctively to the dawn of a new religion. This must come as certainly as to-morrow's sun must shine, and it will be a grander one than any on record, for it will be raised up on all the thought and knowledge that have been its forerunners.

At this time the Comtist doctrines are prominent. Their essence is love to the neighbour, but one of their principles is an ignoring, amounting in practice to virtual denial of God and a future state, of both which they declare nobody has ever known, or can know anything.

The heads of some of the leaders of this sect are remarkable for a large development of *Benevolence*, and a small amount of *Veneration*. I believe, however, that a schism has lately occurred on the questions of prayer and ritual, and it is probable that this has been caused by a larger endowment of *Veneration* in some influential members.

We must honour the Comtists for the work they are doing in preparing the way for a higher condition; for love to the neighbour is the stepping-stone to love to God; and the chaos of present disbelief must give way to the Kosmos of a new state. Most of the civilised nations are now in the full vigour of their intellectual life; hence science is held above all else, and few means are thought unjustifiable to attain it. But the Positivists and Comtists encourage feelings of benevolence, sympathy, and justice above all things, regulating and limiting the inroads of science\* by their dictates, and setting themselves so far in the road to truth.

It would form an interesting and very extensive subject for study, to examine the outward form and internal development of the brain in different nations and tribes at various phases of their progress, though there would be great difficulty in getting

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\* The enlightened Positivist, Dr. Bridges, is one of the most able writers against Vivisection.

the subjects of study. But opportunities of observation often present themselves on a smaller scale.

This little sketch, very imperfectly made, will indicate the principles of the system which is the outcome of Gall's separate and unconnected observations. Their combinations prove Phrenology and Psychology to be at one. It may be hoped that a patient observation of mental action in health and disease, and careful dissection, not vivisection, of the brain to ascertain its most delicate and complicated structure, will, not long hence, bring Physiology into unison with the other two. When these three are made one, a light, of which we cannot estimate the glory, will be thrown upon all science which has man for its subject, and his improvement for its aim.

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## GHOSTLY VISITORS:

### A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.\*

By "SPECTRE STRICKEN."

Scarcely were Beauchamp's verses finished, when the door flew open, and with a series of savage-like whoops and yells, in rushed about half-a-dozen fellows from Corpus. These right jovial spirits were welcomed with responsive shouts of glee.

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\* The subjoined series of Ghost Stories was placed in my hands some short time ago by the compiler, with the request that I would pronounce an opinion on the advisability of publishing them. Before I could offer any advice, it was necessary to arrive at some conclusion as to their authenticity. It is very easy to fabricate out of the imagination a series of stories that shall beat facts out of the field. Such Christmas food is amusing, but valueless for any purpose beyond. I set myself, therefore, to inquire whether the stories were fiction, or records of fact. I found that they are authentic records of actual fact, and I have in my possession the key to the various stories, with the full names of the persons who figure there under initials, or with some disguise.

It is a matter of regret that such narratives cannot be printed with full names, and due attestation. But no one will be surprised that people should shrink from such publicity, if only to avoid the annoyance that would assuredly come upon them from mere impertinent curiosity.

It has seemed to me that such records as these have a value that warrants their publication. They will, therefore, by the permission of the Editor, be published in the *Psychological Review*, and afterwards will be put forth in a more permanent form.

It is obviously impossible to publish the evidence which guarantees the authenticity of these stories. I have thought, therefore, that an assurance that they are what they pretend to be, authentic records of actual facts, given by one who has concerned himself much with such things, might remove possible misconception. For this reason I take on myself to say these few introductory words.—M. A. (Oxon).

Seats were provided for them, and claret and cigars supplied them. After these were done ample justice to, ghost stories were eagerly asked for, whereupon one of them, named Morgan, bestowing a slap on the back of his nearest neighbour, cried, "Here's the fellow for making your hair, if natural, stand upon end with fright ; ask Gordon for a story."

## GORDON'S STORY.

"When I was a youngster, my father lived for several years in a large, old historical house, some few miles distant from the town of ——. It was a celebrated place, having been one in which many interesting events had taken place. Stately reception-rooms, spacious bed-rooms, winding stairs, long passages, and dungeons dark and drear, that in days gone by had re-echoed the captive's moan, terraced grounds, a moss-grown fountain, and crumbling sun-dial—all these were there, and contributed to give the house a decidedly mysterious, not to say haunted appearance. Startling tales were told of H——. Strange sights had been witnessed in it. A mail-clad figure, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, had been seen by the aged matron then in charge of the mansion. The rustle—

"Of dainty ladies' dresses,  
The waving wind of feathers,  
And steps of dancing feet,'

had frequently been heard in the desolated galleries breaking in upon the hush of night ; footsteps had indicated the spot where money lay hid ; repeated taps on one particular part of a wall led to the discovery of concealed silver-plate ; music, soft in its nature as that of the Æolian harp, had floated along the corridors ; laughter, sweet and low, betrayed the presence of invisible guests ; visitors had been most unaccountably disturbed by nocturnal noises. Hurried and loud steps had paced their rooms ; the bed-curtains had on several occasions been drawn back, and they felt as though they were being gazed in upon by invisible eyes. All these and other stories were told to my parents before we went to H——, and we perfectly realised that we were about to occupy a veritable haunted mansion.

"What about your own experience, you will naturally ask. In reply to which imaginary question, I make answer, that we soon had reason to be satisfied that there was something out of the common about the house. Scarcely a morning passed without some curious facts being related by this or that member of the family at the breakfast-table. Now, steps had been heard on a particular stair leading to unoccupied rooms, or a

series of loud raps on some piece of furniture. Again mysterious noises and a violent ringing of bells, which could not well be accounted for. But this that my eldest sister told us was the most curious of all. 'I could not sleep last night,' she said, 'but lay tossing about. While in this feverish state, I heard the door-handle turn. Looking out, I saw a woman enter. She was dressed in a black petticoat, short white tunic, and wearing a cap of most peculiar fashion. Thinking some one of you must be ill, and that a housemaid had come for my candle, I said, "Ellen, is that you?" The woman started, as though surprised at being addressed, and turned on me a dark face, set off by a pair of most Oriental-looking eyes, but made no answer. She walked on with a light tread towards the toilet-table, which was unfortunately hid by the curtain, and then the footsteps ceased. She never returned.'

"Most strange!" said Danecourt, whose eyes had never once been taken from the speaker's face.

"And what is equally so," Gordon continued, "a housemaid, who afterwards entered our service, and who had never heard this story, one morning asked my mother's permission to change her room, giving as her reason for the request, that she had been frightened over-night by seeing a female figure seated on her trunk, gazing fixedly on her. Then followed a description of the cap of peculiar fashion, the dark complexion, and large black eyes of my sister's ghost!"

"Well done, Gordon! well done, old boy!" exclaimed his admiring friend, with another appreciative slap on the back; "now do give us that Fifeshire story you were telling me the other night; I thought it very curious. Fire off at once, there's a good fellow!"

"There's a good fellow!" was the responsive shout. And Gordon good-humouredly complied with our request.

#### THE FIFESHIRE STORY.

"In the East Neuk of Fife there is an estate called Kinaidier, which formerly belonged to a Miss Callander, and a charming old lady she was, I believe.

"It so happened that one day while walking in her avenue, Miss C—— saw in advance of her, and walking towards her house, the husband of a very dear friend of hers, whom, at the moment, she believed to be confined to his bed and apparently near death. She stared in amazement, for there was no mistaking his familiar figure. Seeing him disappear through the open door, she hastened her steps, and entered the dining-room with outstretched hands expecting to find him there, but no, the room was empty. So were the library and,

drawing-room. She then summoned the footman. He had not seen Mr. D——, neither had the other servants. Miss Callander, to say the least of it, was extremely surprised, and at a loss to explain what was indeed inexplicable. To add to her mystification, two days after she received a deep, black bordered letter from Mrs. D——, which contained the news of her husband's death. He had died within a few minutes of the time she had seen him in the avenue. When paying a visit of condolence to the widow, Mrs. D——, naturally enough under the circumstances, turned the conversation on the deceased's last moments. In the course of her remarks, she said to Miss Callander, 'Curious to relate, on the day of his death, about 3 o'clock, my husband fell into a deep sleep. On awaking from this he observed to me—"I have had such a delightful dream; I dreamt I was walking in Kinaider avenue, and that I saw Miss Callander there." Shortly afterwards he died.'

This decidedly creepy story produced a visible effect upon us all, and we smoked and gazed into the fire in meditative silence, which was at length broken by Somerset who remarked, "those curious stories told by Walford and Weston in connection with dreams remind me of one which I had quite forgotten."

#### THE WRECKED MAJOR.

"Our nearest neighbour in —shire was a Major S——, a man of good family, and possessed of ample means, yet one whose society was not courted in the county in which he had recently become a resident. Curious things were said of him, worse were hinted at, so that the surrounding gentry fought rather shy of him with the exception of a few who both visited him and received his visits. For this man my mother entertained the utmost aversion. She detested alike his appearance and manners; the former she considered diabolical, and the latter repulsive, as indeed they were. My father had frequent arguments with her on the subject of the major, and always took his part. But his defence of him in no ways softened my mother's feelings towards him. She persisted in loathing the man, and said she was sure something dreadful would come out about him. Her dislike extended itself to his surroundings; and she would not even pass his house when out walking or driving. My father simply smiled at this feminine absurdity, as he termed it, and continued to think not so badly of the major. It chanced that my mother passed him one day. He was riding; and she told us on her return that the expres-

sion of his face, as he looked down at her, was absolutely appalling in its wickedness; indeed, she could think or speak of nothing else. That very same night she awoke from sleep with a cry of terror. On my father asking her what the matter was, she said—'Oh, William! I have had such a fearful dream, and I am sure it has to do with Major S——.'

"'Nonsense, nonsense;' was the sleepy reply.

"'But I tell you I am convinced of it,' and she told him her dream. She described herself as going into a large gloomy looking room, full of quaintly carved furniture, arranged after a peculiar fashion, the ceiling of which was traversed by an oaken beam, and from this there dangled a rope having a noose at the end.

"'What is going on here?' I asked, although I cannot remember being conscious of seeing any one.

"'Hush!' exclaimed an awful voice. 'A dreadful crime is being committed, part of which will be known now, and part at the day of judgment!'

"'Aye, indeed; curious, very; but go to sleep, my dear, and forget all about the major.' With this advice given in a drowsy tone, my father once more sought oblivion in sleep. But my mother did not allow him to remain in peace. Again she woke him up with an exclamation of horror at the repetition of her dream. No sooner had she fallen asleep than she found herself transported to the sombre room, with its beam traversed ceiling, and ghastly dangling rope. At sight of which, as on the former occasion, she cried, 'What is going on here?' and the same impressive voice responded with 'Hush! a dreadful crime is being committed; part of which will be known now, and part at the day of judgment!' 'I know we shall hear something about that horrid man,' she kept repeating in spite of my father's assurances to the contrary. Their feelings, under these circumstances, may well be imagined when the next day the country was ringing with the news that Major S—— had hanged himself during the night. Hastening to the scene of the tragedy, my father, on being shown into the room, at once recognised it as the one my mother had seen in her dream."

"These repeated dreams are fulfilled in the most singular manner," said one of the Corps men with a melancholy air. "On the night on which my brothers returned from India, my mother dreamed three times successively that two skeletons stood by her bed-side. The repetition of this horrible dream made her so uneasy that she at once went to their room, and to her horror found them both dead in their



beds. Owing to its being winter, a fire had been given them; and, in order that they might not take cold, my mother had every draught carefully excluded. The consequence was the poor fellows died of suffocation from the fumes of some charcoal which had got mixed up with the coals."

We all expressed our satisfaction with the story of Major S——, indeed Selby, who had been exchanging whispers with Somerville of St. John's, went so far as to say that he thought it the best we had yet heard; after which he told us that Somerville would give us

#### A STORY OF SECOND SIGHT.

"Towards the close of a dark cold evening," he said, "the 23rd October, if I remember rightly, I found, much to my annoyance, that I had quitted the high road leading to Portree and was wandering about in the most helpless manner possible amidst innumerable bogs and morasses. What was to be done? To retrace my steps was simply impossible. There was nothing to indicate the proper route. The moon had not yet risen. Darkness enveloped me like a curtain, and I was alone. Once I paused and whistled, but no human voice made answer. The sole response was the beat of the wild sea surf on the distant shore. Stumbling and falling till I was foot-sore and weary, I came at length within sight of the sea. I could distinguish its billows, foam-crested and angry, as they cleft the darkness; and O, joyful sight! I also perceived twinkling lights at some little distance off along the shore. I was then in the neighbourhood of cottages, in one of which I might pass the night. The threshold of the nearest gained, I knocked at its door. After some little delay this was opened by a middle-aged and rather gaunt looking female. My request for shelter was listened to in silence. After a moment's reflection, she went back a few paces, threw a hurried glance over her shoulder into the interior, and then beckoned me to enter. I did so. The room or kitchen into which she ushered me was miserable in the extreme. The plenishing consisted of a wooden table, two straw pallets in one corner, and three chairs, on one of which, cowering over the embers that glowed on the hearth, sat an aged white-haired man. Raising his faded eyes for a moment on my entrance, he again lowered them to the hearth, moaning and muttering the while in the strangest fashion.

"The woman looked on him with an unmistakable expression of awe and fear on her face, then placed for me a chair on the opposite side of the hearth, while she herself took one some little distance off. Her knowledge of English was much

too limited for us to indulge in anything like conversation ; still she could both understand me when I asked questions and make herself understood when she replied, which was about as much as I expected.

"Her father, she said, pointing to the old man, could talk English well, for he had been gamekeeper in his youth to a south-country gentleman, and the little she knew she had learned from him.

"A few sentences exchanged, we lapsed into silence, which I was on the point of breaking with some trivial remark when the door opened and there entered a tall, handsome girl enveloped in a chequered plaid. Darting a hasty glance at me, she addressed the woman hurriedly in Gaelic, a language with which I was but slightly acquainted. What she did say, however, seemed in some way to have reference to the old man, for my hostess, while making answer, looked at him and shook her head.

"Much to my surprise, although he must have known he was the subject of their conversation, he never once looked up nor took the slightest notice of his visitor. His dim eyes still remained riveted on the fire, and he moaned and sighed and shivered as if with cold. I could see I also was being made the subject of remark, for once more the maiden's fine dark eyes turned in my direction, as mine hostess replied to some questions of hers. Her curiosity in respect to my presence apparently satisfied, the girl, having previously refused with a smile the chair I offered her, seated herself on the floor beside the woman, and conversed with her in low, anxious tones, while her eyes frequently reverted to the clock with looks of anxiety.

"I was beginning to feel perplexed and curious as to the existing state of matters in this solitary household. Was the old man ill or out of his mind? Was the handsome stranger any relation of the couple, or was she merely a sympathising friend? Why did she look so repeatedly at the clock? Had she any—here an end was put to my mental soliloquy by the girl giving a sudden start, and seizing hold of her companion's wrist, while she raised her forefinger as if enforcing silence. An ashen hue overspread the woman's harsh features as her visitor did this, and she remained rigid and motionless as a statue in the attitude of listening. I, too, listened. Mingling with the dull roar of the billows, I distinctly heard a crashing sound as though some wooden substances were being crushed together; to this succeeded a noise like the dragging of chains. The women also hearing it, a look of terror swept over their faces, and my hostess uttered, half aloud, the pious ejaculation

—'Lord, have mercy on them!' Then both rose to their feet. The younger one, eager and trembling, undid the bar that fastened the casement, opened it, and they gazed out in silence. My curiosity now intensely excited, I also arose, and, noiselessly treading the floor, took my station immediately behind them. The wild scene I then saw I shall never forget. The moon, struggling through a dense mass of storm cloud, threw broad streams of light on the heaving billows as they broke in rude shocks on the shore. Lying at anchor, out of reach of the waves, were several fishing-boats; and, strange to say, although there was a profound calm, these were being dashed up against each other in the most unaccountable manner, while the chains by which they were fastened, creaked and rattled as though they were being dragged about by powerful hands. Then a moaning sound seemed to pervade the air.

"'There—there it's again! O! is'nt it dreadful?' whispered the girl.

"'Did you tell them about this?' said her companion.

"'Yes; but they only laughed at me.'

"'Then, they'll go.'

"'Sure and certain.'

"'Poor things! then I doubt they'll never come back. 'O, look there!' Again the boats were dashed to and fro; the chains emitted the same harsh grating sound, but this time I could see several little blue twinkling lights moving along the shore.

"'The dead lights!' groaned the elder woman. The young one, shivering, buried her face in her hands.

"'Aye, the dead lights!' was shouted in frenzied tones behind us. I looked round in amaze; so did the women. The old man was standing bolt upright; his hair upon end; his eyes glaring wildly into space; his hands outstretched and quivering.

"'Aye, the dead lights! and they're not there for nought. Death! Death! nothing but death! I see it all! There they are! The boats! dancing merrily over the sea—there—there! Three in all! Away—away! No fear of danger. Stout hearts and strong arms. The bread winners for the wives and children. The wind rises—but what of that? There is no danger! The boats are stout—and the fishers brave, and stalwart, and young! Ha! ha! A sudden squall—Good God! Down goes the foremost—and another—and another—gone, all gone. Neil, Duncan—and—Farquhar——!'

"As the old man uttered this name, the girl, with a loud cry, sank senseless on the floor, at the same time that the

speaker relapsed into his moaning shivering posture by the hearth.

"When we had succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, I inquired of the woman the meaning of all this.

"O, sir, *he* has had the "second sight," she said, 'he was telling us, as he has done for the last three nights, that our fisher lads will be drowned, and poor Mary's (pointing to the now weeping girl) lover, Farquhar Macdougall, is among them—so he said to-night.'

"Surely they will not go when they hear of this,' I said.

"They must, sir, or we should all starve,' was her sad answer; 'that is they *will* go, though we have done our best to prevent their going this week, for should they be drowned, we'll starve all the same.'

"Painfully impressed with what I had seen, and unwilling any longer to intrude my company upon them in their distress, I placed some silver in the woman's resisting hand, and told her the moon being now up, if she would kindly direct me how to get to Portree, I should wish to continue my journey.

"She did so, at the same time saying how sorry she was that her father should have been *taken* in my presence.

"With a few words expressive of hope that he would turn out to be a false prophet, I bade her good evening, and bestowing a farewell glance on the sorrowing maiden, I went my way pondering on what I had seen and heard.

"Not many days afterwards I read in the *Inverness Courier* of the melancholy loss of three boats with their fishers while fishing off Skye.

"Amongst the names of the drowned were those mentioned by the aged seer."

When the impression made by this gruesome tale had somewhat subsided, Darrell, of Oriel, said he would give us a story which had been told him by the actors in it.

#### THE PHANTOM BUTLER.

"A short time ago," he said, "two acquaintances of mine were applied to by some friends of theirs who were desirous of meeting with a well recommended butler, the one who had been with them for years being about to leave them. Fortunately the Misses O—— did know of one then out of place, whom they considered likely to suit. A correspondence ensued between the parties, the man was interviewed, and, his character being satisfactory, he was there and then engaged. Not long after, the Misses O—— went on a visit to L——, the place at which their friends resided.

"When retiring to rest on the first evening of their stay, the eldest sister remarked to the other with a well pleased air, 'Mary, were you not astonished with *our* butler? For my part I don't know when I have seen such a splendid looking man.'

"'You must be joking,' replied her sister, 'I was quite vexed when I saw him, he looked such a shabby, insignificant looking creature.'

"'Little! insignificant! why the man I mean was fully six feet high.'

"'Then we cannot be speaking of the same person.'

"'I refer to the one who waited upon me.'

"'I saw no such magnificent individual as you describe waiting upon any one.'

"'How very odd! I cannot make out how you missed seeing him—why, in a room full of gentlemen, the man I saw would be remarkable for his noble appearance.'

"'Strange; I thought him quite shabby looking.'

"'Well, to my mind, he made the other three—'

"'Two.'

"'No, three. There were four men waiting on us.'

"'I only saw three.'

"'And I distinctly saw four.'

"Each fancying that the other had made a mistake, they forbore to pursue the subject.

"Once more it is the dinner hour, and again Miss O—— is attentively waited upon by the superb butler.

"Now Fanny will both see and admire him, she thought. But how very odd! As he helped her to vegetables, she looked across at her sister, and by her upward glances endeavoured to make her understand that the man now at her side was the one she referred to. Fanny certainly looked at her in return, but her gaze was one of surprise, as if she could not make out what the other meant. Not once did her eyes seem to rest on the man Miss O—— was so anxious she should see.

"'Did you notice my handsome butler, to-day?' the elder sister asked of the younger, as they left the dining-room.

"'I saw no handsome butler; not one of the three deserves even to be called good-looking.'

"'No, but the fourth.'

"'My dear Mary, there were only three.'

"Once in the drawing-room, Miss O—— enquired of the hostess, if the fine looking man who had waited on her was the butler she and her sister had recommended.

"Mrs. R—— looked at Miss O—— with a startled air, but made no reply. Repeating her enquiry it was received with the same chilling silence.

" 'Then you also have seen him !' the governess remarked to Miss O——, as they met in the breakfast-room.

" 'Him—who ?'

" 'The phantom butler.'

" Miss O—— looked mystified.

" 'The phantom butler ?' she repeated.

" 'Yes ; it is very strange ; I don't know the legend respecting this mysterious person, as the family hate to hear him spoken of, but it is a fact that he not unfrequently appears at dinner-time, and exclusively devotes himself to one of the party, moving about noiselessly among the servants, apparently unnoticed and unobserving, silently performing his waiting duties ; you did not see him attend to any other than yourself, yesterday ?'

" 'No.'

" 'So I thought ; it is most singular.'

" 'Did you see him again to-day ?' the same lady enquired of Miss O——, as they were on their way to the drawing-room.

" 'No ; did you ?'

" 'Yes ; and he waited on me.'

" 'What can be the meaning of it ?' said Miss O——.

" 'I know not ; but one thing is certain, the R——'s have a phantom butler.'"

" 'How nice to have such handsome servants requiring neither wages nor liveries !' " laughed the sceptical Guy.

" 'Silence !' " cried Weston, with a rebuking frown, " I see Gerrard has got a legend ready for us. Come, out with it, old fellow," he said, addressing the youth in question, " it is sure to be something good, or you would not be at the trouble to tell it."

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In his last pamphlet (1879) I. H. Fichte remarks that notwithstanding his own age and his exemption from the controversies of the day, he feels it his duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism, and he thinks it the duty of every man, " with equally earnest convictions," to do the same ; that Spiritualism is " the ratification of the belief in the immortality of the soul by means of the evidences of psychical experience." He refers to the Slade phenomena as having been " observed under conditions that preclude all imposture or prestidigitation," and as " being decisive for the cause of Spiritualism in Germany." He tells us " there is no retreat from what has been gained, and that the advance of the great fact is fully secured. . . . Certainly is this a serious revelation at a time when mankind has long since been accustomed to displace their care for the future from their daily routine, as a consideration not affecting their interests."—EPES SARGENT.



## THE REALISTIC ASSUMPTIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE.\*—PART II.

BY FRANK PODMORE, B.A.

It will be remembered that a few years ago a well-known physicist, following the example of Elijah with the priests of Baal, proposed a test to those members of the community who still clung to a belief in the efficacy of prayer to God. He suggested that a certain ward in a hospital, which he named, should be set apart, and that the patients in that particular ward should be the objects of the earnest prayer of the whole religious community, and that at the end of a specified period the condition of the patients in that ward should be compared with that of the patients in a similar ward not so favoured. It may well be doubted whether in an age of more heroic faith a robust Church would not have gladly accepted the challenge, in the sure confidence of confounding the futility of scientific reasoning, and of establishing on yet firmer foundations the belief of her children. But on this occasion it will be remembered that whilst the leaders of the Church preserved an impenetrable silence, the giver of the challenge was overwhelmed by lesser champions with indignant reprobation, for having sacrilegiously presumed to measure the power of the Omnipotent—and the challenge was not accepted. And no doubt the ecclesiastical powers were wise in their generation. The modern man of science would have been more hard to convince than the priests of Baal. They were ready to abide by the result of the test agreed upon. To the latter-day sceptic the success of his test, had it been accepted, would have been all one with its failure. His utterance, indeed, was not a challenge but a taunt; it was a ready rhetorical artifice for putting his adversaries in the wrong, and strengthening his own position. And from that position no such test as he proposed, however successful, could by any means have dislodged him. On the question of miraculous interposition the man of science ceases to be a sceptic. He opposes the evidence for such interposition by a law, which, while professedly derived from experience, he, by implication, admits to be independent of experience. For that a phenomenal antecedent should have a non-phenomenal consequent, or that a non-phenomenal cause should be followed at one time by a phenomenal, and at another time by a non-phenomenal effect, is not merely con-

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\* "The Realistic Assumptions of Modern Science Examined," by Thomas Martin Herbert, M.A., late Professor of Philosophy and Church History, in the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester.

trary to universal experience, it is repugnant to our intuition of the nature of things. So that our empiricist here appeals to Transcendentalism itself to furnish him with weapons against an intruder, whom mere empiricism is powerless to overthrow. For if by miracles is understood, what is popularly intended, a violation of phenomenal continuity, it seems quite certain that such never has happened, and never can happen. And if prayer to God, to be efficacious, involves such a breach of physical continuity, the modern sceptic would appear to be justified in ridiculing the idea.

Assuming that there is a God, and that the vast whole of the visible universe is his work, it seems indubitable that he is unable arbitrarily to interfere with its working. The physical antecedent has always its appropriate and inevitable physical consequent, and we have a well-grounded conviction that, could we but know the actual condition of the universe in its entirety at the present moment, we could calculate its future onward to the remotest ages. If we do not find the cause, we find, at least, the conditions of every physical event in its physical surroundings. So that if God exists he has no freewill in the sense in which that word is understood by the vulgar. He cannot act arbitrarily. As every natural event, so every human action has its sufficient physical cause. And we have already seen that men of science have admitted this, and have refused to concede freewill to man. But they have not insisted in this case on the same practical corollary as they have done in the other. To do so would have been to outrage common-sense, and to overthrow the whole fabric of practical morality. It was a light matter to admit, at the bidding of Science, the inefficacy of prayer to a God whose very existence is doubted; it was not so light a matter to question, on the same evidence, and by the same reasoning, the efficacy of prayer to our fellow men, when, without any aid from Science, we were convinced alike of their existence and of its utility. If we ask for the explanation which Science affords of the inconsistency shown by its disciples in asking favours of other men, which, by the predestined order of nature, they are bound to have, whether they ask or not, we have it as follows:—It must not be forgotten when Caius asks and receives a boon from Balbus, that the request is as much a part of the order of nature as the granting of it. Caius is bound to ask, in the same way that Balbus is bound to give. Though the request, viewed as a conscious act, in no way influences the gift, yet the vibration of the air (which forms the physical aspect of the request) forms a necessary link in the chain of causation; and, however seemingly voluntary,

the production of this physical link is beyond the control of the suppliant. So that it is not strictly true that Caius would have his request granted, whether he made it or not; for the making of the request, when translated into its physical equivalent, is the condition of the request being granted. But it is strictly true that he has not the power to make any request, which the laws of the physical universe do not require him to make; and it is also true that he cannot obtain the fulfilment of any request, the fulfilment of which is not involved in the continuity of the physical scheme. But if this is true of prayer to man, it is also true of prayer to God. If the last, viewed as a conscious act, is useless, so is the first; if the one, viewed as a material vibration, forms a necessary link in a chain of physical causation, so does the other. And the unlearned and the superstitious may, perhaps, find comfort in the reflection that, if it is idle to pray to God for rain, it is, at least, no more idle than to ask a drink of cold water from our fellow-man.

Throughout this argument, it will be noticed, we have assumed the existence of God. But it now becomes necessary that we should carefully examine what scientific ground we have for a belief in Him. In J. S. Mill's posthumous essay on Theism, there are four main reasons enumerated for the belief. One of them, the argument from the general consent of mankind, we may at once omit from consideration, as being practically identical with that which follows, the argument from consciousness. And there is little difficulty in demonstrating that the testimony of consciousness to the being of God is, to the scientist, valueless. For it is probable that we could account for what is called the intuition of God as being merely an inference from past experience, and if that were so, the argument founded on that intuition would derive its whole validity from the two other arguments to be noticed below. And if this intuition could not be traced to merely phenomenal antecedents, but could be shown to transcend experience, "still, the idea can only prove the idea, and not the objective fact." The third argument is that from the supposed logical necessity for a First Cause. Admitted the necessity, what does it prove? The ultimate cause of all that we know is Force; we know no reason why Force should not be eternal, as we have every reason to believe it omnipresent. If we seek a First Cause, then, we need go no farther, for we have one ready to our hand in Force. But Force is not intelligent, is not moral, and still less can Force be figured as a Person, and the common-sense of mankind seeking a God, would be revolted with any conception of Him which did not include those attributes.

There remains, then, the fourth and last argument, that from Design. This is the argument which Paley has illustrated by the famous simile of the watchmaker and the watch. And on this argument Mr. Mill is inclined to set great store. "I think," he says, "it must be allowed that, in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favour of creation by intelligence." But in this utterance, as often elsewhere, Mr. Mill shows how imperfectly he appreciated the real strength of that empiricism which he undertook to defend. The whole order of ideas, which are expressed by the evolutionist school, came into the world too late for Mr. Mill to avail himself of their aid in establishing his philosophy. The *a posteriori* argument for the existence of God, already neglected by the transcendentalist, would seem to have been utterly discredited by the doctrine of evolution. From the workmanship of a watch we can no longer infer the existence of an intelligent watchmaker. With fuller knowledge of the subject, we have found that watches are not made, but grow. And those who have adopted this view, be it remembered, are those who are best acquainted with the secret processes of nature. As Professor Tyndall has said of Mr. Darwin; "It is the mind stored with the choicest weapons of the teleologist, that thus rejects teleology." Each new discovery of adaptation in the natural world is an additional proof, not of the existence of a Designer, but of the flawless continuity of the physical process of growth. Just as the planets and suns have orb'd themselves out of the waste of the primal fire-mist into ordered constellations, just as the acorn grows into the oak, so one form of life grows into another and another in endless variety, under the benign influence of eternal law. There is no sign anywhere of the finger of a God. The wonders of the vast geologic storehouse, the infinite concert of varied uses in the living world, prove, not the guidance and interposition of Deity, but the perfected harmony of the laws of life. Nay, if God had made the world, there would be found no room in His own handiwork for the operation of His hands. If He exists, He would seem to be in the position of an artificer, who, having elaborated his machine with loving expenditure of labour and thought, has nothing left to do but to take his ease, and watch it as it performs its task. He has made his world—if, indeed, He has made it—with such eternal order and such infinite forethought, that there is never any need for Him again to add to, to change, or to undo any of all the things He has made.

It would seem, then, that Science will concede existence to God on the condition only of His impotency? It would seem

so. The God whom we seek we shall, it may be, find; but we shall find Him powerless for good or for evil. He may hear the prayers of His votaries, but He cannot answer; He may see their wants, but he cannot satisfy; He may know their sorrows, but He is powerless to grant consolation. Better than this is the old idea of a "day-labouring God," a God who is ever mending and renovating his own faulty contrivances. Or rather, if the sole function of Deity is to set the machine of the universe in motion, it were better to suppose that when that function was fulfilled, He ceased to exist, and that we have now no Deity at all. But let us at least not suffer this realistic dogma to pass altogether unquestioned. Science assures us that what appears to be design in the natural world is not design at all, but the necessary resultant of a chance-medley of co-operant and antagonistic forces; that there is no such thing as a purpose in the order of the universe, but only causation, which appears to us to be purposive, because we have a natural tendency to select any consequent which suits our ideas of the fitness of things, and to assume that that consequent was itself, in a manner, the cause of its antecedent, being present to the mind of a hypothetical Creator as an end, for the accomplishment of which only the antecedent was introduced. We must cease, at the bidding of Science, thus to play fast and loose with cause and effect. We must recognise that we have no warrant for speaking of what are mere antecedents and consequents as being means to an end; that we have no right to represent as a purpose achieved, what is merely the inevitable result of physical laws. If, then, there is no purpose or design manifested, as we have been wont to think, in the physical world; if Natural Selection, and the "differentiation of an infinite, incoherent homogeneity into a definite, coherent heterogeneity," are sufficient to account for all the order and harmony of the universe, it is clear that we have no warrant for assuming the existence of a Divine Artificer. Indeed we have already seen that, if such an Artificer existed, he could but sit, as Lucretius feigned, in "the lucid interspace of world and world," and rest until the work of his hand had run its course. The only proof, then, which Science can recognise of the being of God has been shattered—she is unable, indeed, to affirm His non-existence, but she can and does affirm His impotence.

But have we not already seen that Science has come to the same conclusion with regard to ourselves? If God be but a passive spectator of the working of a Cosmos, which he cannot control, so, by the same reasoning, is man. If the works of nature argue no purpose in their author, so neither do the

things of human workmanship. If the existence of God is an unnecessary assumption, so, too, is the existence of man. In very truth the two beliefs rest on precisely the same evidence, and logically they must stand or fall together. We have analysed the grounds of our belief in our fellow-men, and we have found it to rest ultimately on the indications of intelligence presented by their actions; and we have analysed the grounds for our belief in a God, and we have found that belief to depend solely on the evidence of design in external nature. There is no evidence other than this, of which Science can take any account, for either belief. And if, at the bidding of evolution, we cease to believe in God, we are logically bound at the same time to cease to believe in Man. If God is not needed to mould the planets out of the burning nebula, to raise the tree from the seed, or to shape the Man out of the beasts of the forest and the field, then Man is not needed to found communities and build cities, to establish laws and commerce, to raise himself by following the arts, to work, and hope, and love. And if anyone should be startled by such a conclusion, and whilst willing to admit atheism, should recoil from ananthropism, let him consider that we may infer the existence of God from facts precisely similar to those from which we infer the existence of our fellows. It is true that the premises for the one inference lie in such small compass that we can, and do, make it afresh every day of our lives, and almost every hour of each day; whilst to draw the other inference there is required a larger vision, the power to look abroad, to note carefully, and examine, and compare. And the design is of so vast a structure that even so we can see but a part of it. But though that may somewhat affect the certainty of our conclusion, it does not invalidate it altogether. And if we plead our inability to draw the one inference, we must, at the same time, decline to draw the other. If we are content to be without a master in the world, we must submit to be without a fellow. And if in deference to the outraged common sense of mankind, we reject unhesitatingly the latter alternative, let it be admitted, that, so far is Science from disproving the existence of a Divine Intelligence, she has done all that in her lies to establish our belief, by revealing more fully the proofs of such an Intelligence in the structure and processes of the natural world, and by showing that the being of God rests on the same foundation, and is not more a matter of speculation and uncertainty, than those of our beliefs which we hold most indubitable. Though Science is unable to assert the existence of anything transcending phenomena, she has at least laid bare the foundations on which Transcendentalism may build.



It has thus been seen that the hypotheses which Science offers in explanation of the universe appear irrefutable, only because they are incomplete. Press them to their legitimate conclusion, and they are at once seen to be untenable. In fact, the realistic theory proves nothing, just because it proves too much. We *know* beyond all power of reasoning, that we are, and that we think, and if Science denies, as she does by implication deny, purpose, consciousness, existence itself, we are justified in declaring that the scientific scheme is inadequate as an explanation of the universe.

I would gladly have gone on to show that Science itself furnishes us with the groundwork of a conception, and the only possible conception, of Deity. But I fear that I may have already strayed beyond the limits assigned to me, and very far, perhaps, beyond the limits of my reader's patience. For the rest, if anyone find the argument tedious and the exposition wearisomely minute, he must forgive the unskilfulness of the expositor. And should any one still be dissatisfied, let him refer to the book itself, whose contents have been here paraphrased, that his dissatisfaction and my labour may not have been in vain.

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## THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

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### VOLUME II.—CHAPTER I.

#### Commencement of Dr. Ives's Narrative.

I HAVE determined to comply with your request. When at the High Elms yesterday you let fall, as I understood you, that you have actually suspected Henriette Artus of being an accomplice in a murder, you must have perceived that your words were of the kind that strike down strong men; for an idea is often as powerful upon the human system as a poison or a swift malady. You may suspect her no more. But it must be recollected that the murder of Sir Rupert Kingsbury is still enveloped in much mystery. The horrible fancy that visited you, and then departed, may visit others at new turns of the investigation. Henriette Artus cannot open her mouth to defend herself. It seems to me that I am bound to defend her.

That strange and cruel photograph that you showed me has haunted me ever since. I cannot read the riddle of that woe-begone and frightened stare.

I confess that I think the murder a much more common-place piece of business than you do. And the more the subject is investigated the more clearly will the guilt of Sir Frank Kingsbury come out. That is my firm conviction. And so I proceed to note down all that I know about the chief personages of this painful drama.

I write without fear. To imagine that such an inquiry can in any way injure Henriette Artus, is to distrust her culpably.

Four years ago I was in Rome, poor, dreaming, scheming, unknown. I had set up as a doctor, but patients had not yet thought of coming to me. I passed my life in the hospitals and in the public library, whilst other physicians reaped a golden harvest out of the English residents. These physicians were all of vast genius no doubt—but perhaps the question of this vast genius does not enter into the province of your present inquiry.

One evening I was walking along cursing my stars. The said stars seemed to shine down upon me, nevertheless, as calmly as usual. I was passing the ruins of the Forum, and bemoaning the lot of unappreciated genius, without reflecting that too early a success means too often the shipwreck of real talent. Suddenly my foot struck against something soft near a dark pile of honourable stones. *Nullum sine nomine saxum.*

There was a groan. It was a human being. And by the faint starlight I was able to make out that it was a young man lying in a pool of blood. He had been wounded in the back with a stiletto—a custom of the country.

I had with me a small instrument case; and I at once cut away a portion of his clothes. With strips of shirt, and such like improvised bandages, I endeavoured to arrest the flow of blood. This it was that was killing him.

By-and-by a patrol of the mounted police came up. I hailed them, and showed them what had happened. I told them, moreover, that I was a doctor, and that a shutter or litter would be the safest method of removal. At this moment the young man who had hitherto been insensible from loss of blood, murmured faintly the words, "Palazzo Aldobrandini."

A cabaret was at no great distance, and soon a shutter appeared. I knew the Palazzo Aldobrandini by sight. It was one of the finest in Rome. With the greatest possible care I transferred the young man from the ground to the shutter, and propped him up. Some idlers in the cabaret had come out, and they helped to carry him along with Italian kindness. The young man bore the journey to the Palazzo better than I had anticipated. The porter recognised the young man, and uttered many expressions of horror at his situation. He called him *Il Signor Max*, and told us that he lived on the first flat. He conducted us thither, and knocked at the door.

Sounds of music came from the inside, a waltz played by several instruments. The door opened, and the scene was rather a queer one. All the rooms of the suite of apartments had been transformed into bowers bright with camellias, poinsettia, etc. Studies had been turned into grottoes by the aid of ferns and virgin cork. Grave libraries were encumbered with pink and white frippery. Bed-rooms were despoiled of beds and wash-hand stands, and converted into gardens with real mould for their rich plants. Convention causes a British father to play similar vagaries, sometimes, with his comfortable

domicile. And amid this bright scene, illumed by countless wax-lights, all the most fashionable people of Rome were promenading. There were the Princess Ghetto, the Princess Palestro, the haughty Countess of Sherwood, with her son, Lord Robin Hood, Prince Rudesheimer (German), and other notabilities that I knew by sight, not omitting His Excellency, Ezekiel Q. Dodge, the U.S. Minister. And into the midst of all this velvet and silk and precious stones, for the material predominated there, we suddenly brought our blood-soaking *brancard*.

There were little screams from beautiful women; and then the gay crowd gathered round the litter as round a new sensation. Seeing how matters stood, I at once gave directions that the young man should be carried to the nearest sofa. And to make him comfortable, we piled up costly cushions, whilst the Princess Ghetto and the other grandees ran about for "clouds," "burnouses," etc.

"Santa Maria in cielo—che disgrazia," cried that person of rank.

"Mais diantre, quelle tragédie affreuse," said a French Duchess.

"What has happened?" said the Countess of Sherwood.

"Stuck like a porker, Madam, with a *sted-etto*." This latter remark was made in the American language, by Ezekiel Q. Dodge, in answer to her ladyship.

Suddenly the crowd parted, and a young girl appeared. Her figure was small, her dress plain white with only one flower. Her manner was singularly collected, but her face very pallid.

"Max," she cried, gazing at the young man who was lying apparently lifeless on a pile of white frippery."

"Don't you think, my dear, that this is too much for you? Won't you leave him to us?" This was spoken by Lady Sherwood with some feeling.

"No, thanks, Countess! Oh, you wild, darling boy!"

The young man's eyes had for a moment opened. She now knelt down beside him with a face half of childish coaxing, half of suppressed pain.

"We should get at once the best medical advice," said a tall man in a moustache. His name at that time was Captain Kingsbury.

"Yes, Dr. Bontine," said the Countess of Sherwood, who even at Rome liked to be a supreme pontiff.

The young girl had been helping her brother to place his head in a more comfortable position. She was still kneeling on the floor.

"You sir," she said, turning round to me, "You seem to be a doctor?"

"I am one," I answered.

"Tell us, ought we to send for another doctor, and if so, whom?"

"One of the best surgeons in Europe is the Italian, Dr. Cotrone."

"Harry, Harry, send for a doctor," said an old man rushing forward in great excitement. His beard was the white military beard of a foreigner, but he spoke English.

"Yes, papa, tell them to fetch Dr. Cotrone, 72 Corso."

"Meanwhile the room must at once be cleared, sir," I said to him,

"as I have as yet only dressed the wound almost in the dark, and now that I see the requisite bandages have arrived——"

"Papa, you send off for the doctor, and I'll see to the rest." And in a few seconds all the high and mighty ladies were turned out of the room by the young girl, gracefully but briskly. She then came back to me.

"You are an Englishman?"

"I am."

"Arn't you very clever?" She asked this with pretty girlish simplicity.

"I am interested in my profession."

"I think you are clever. Tell me, how did all this occur?"

I narrated all I knew, in a whisper, and at the chink of the door.

"It's those horrible Italians who gamble. The poor boy is very wild; and instead of dancing at home like a good boy, he would wander off to them. All ages and all sexes are children."

"Did he leave this ball?"

"Yes, he hates dancing. Cards are his toys, and diamonds the toys of those old dowagers, and crosses and orders the toys of those old gentlemen." And then she added timidly, and in a different key, "Is the horrid thing—the wound—very, very dangerous?"

"Well, it is a severe wound——"

"I wonder if you are one of those who say what you really think?" she said interrupting.

"Well, I hope I do——"

"Oh, don't get angry. I always say what I think, but I am almost the only person in Rome that does so; and the good Countess of Sherwood says to me sometimes, 'My darling, my *darling*, you are frank, honest, thoroughly genuine! I admire you. I respect you; but don't you think in this world one must be sometimes a *little* diplomatic?'"

"You are a mimic," I answered. Her imitation of the Countess had been most accurate.

"You English call it 'diplomatic.' We Americans call it telling lies."

"A good definition! A capital definition!"

"Now look me in the face, and don't tell lies"—she said this with a pretty comedy manner—"Will Max recover?"

"I sincerely hope so."

"A *little* diplomatic!"

"Not at all—the matter is in the hands of an inscrutable power——"

"Is Max more likely to recover than not?"

"I think the weapon has not really touched any vital part, although it must very narrowly have missed one. If no vital part has been touched, the wound is not even dangerous."

"Now that's speaking properly, speaking like——"

"An American?"

"No—a man! Americans tell lies as much as any of you. I suppose my brother must be constantly watched?"

"Oh, yes, constantly. I have sent for a sick nurse——"

"I shall sit up. Now tell me this—Is Dr. Cotrone really clever?"

"He is the best surgeon in Italy——"

"And Dr. Bontine isn't much?"

"Is Dr. Bontine mixed up in the case?"

"No!"

"Then I don't think that the question of the abilities of Dr. Bontine is of any immediate interest. Is it?" I said this with a laugh.

"I see I am a chatterbox, and you have a proper professional reserve." And then she added in quite another key, "but I really wanted to know all about Max before papa came back. I think I am brave. At anyrate, I love my brother before all earthly things, and we *must* get him well."

Dr. Cotrone came in soon afterwards with Mr. Artus the father. The Italian examined the wound in my presence, and then recalled the father:—"The situation of your son might have been very grave. The wound is deep, and the weapon that inflicted it has narrowly escaped vital portions of the human anatomy in more than one place. It is due to this young member of my profession that your son is now alive. I have to go off to an amputation at the hospital, St. Giacomo in Augusta, but I leave my *confratello* behind me."

"I knew you were clever," whispered Miss Harry. She had been listening outside.

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## CHAPTER II.

### Prince Presto.

THE wounded man, Maximilian Artus, had left the ball-room to have a sly bout at *baccarat* with Prince Presto, an Italian nobleman, and with one or two other roysterers. Prince Presto was not able to go to the ball. He was one of the *Neri*. Rome at this time was divided into *Neri* and *Bianchi*. The *Neri* might be called Tories, infallible Tories, pontifical Tories, holy Tories, who exorcised their opponents as well as abused them. The *Bianchi* or Whigs on the other hand looked down upon the *Neri* as so many black beetles; noisome things, the product of darkness and uncleanness. Prince Presto, card sharper and cleric enthusiast, had become intimate with the Artus family through the medium of another beautiful American heiress, the Princess Frascati. She also was one of the *Neri*, and unable to mix with the *Bianchi* at Mr. Artus's ball.

The account that Max gave of himself when he grew a little stronger was this:—He had played at *baccarat* with Prince Presto and others, and had drunk a great deal of wine. He remembers that he lost heavily, and had a quarrel with some one or other whom he accused of cheating. He even thinks that he went so far as to "cowhide somebody with a candlestick." He was an American young gentleman, and accustomed to American forms of humorous expression. Who it was that he assaulted he could not accurately remember,

but his impression was, that it was Prince Presto himself. This was about all that this confused young gentleman could remember of his somewhat flighty evening amusements. When he was stabbed, and who stabbed him, was a question enveloped in impenetrable mystery. Prince Presto called the morning after the *fracas*, and enquired tenderly after the wounded man. He could throw no light upon the terrible episode. Max left their party at one o'clock, and they saw no more of him. Some of the revolutionary *Briganti* must have committed the offence for plunder. If so, the enterprise of these subversive banditti could not have been a very profitable one, for the young gentleman's pockets had been very scientifically cleaned out elsewhere.

It was not immediately that we learned even this much, for although the wound of young Artus proved a slight one, his state was promptly rendered critical by a graver malady. Erysipelas supervened, in medical phraseology. This necessitated the extreme of quiet.

All this time I had a bed-room in the Palazzo. This idea came, I verily believe, from the thoughtful Miss Harry, but her mouth-piece was the old man.

"Doctor, have you much practice in your *profession*?"

"Not very much, Mr. Artus. Everything comes in time."

"I mean, would you lose very much by living in my palace just now as my private *Physician*." Mr Artus pronounced the word "*Physician*," as if the syllable *fee* was the most prominent sound in that group of letters. To American minds perhaps it is.

"Well, I should not lose very much, Mr. Artus, to tell you the truth."

"You can name your own price, and be your own master in all things. I see in your old Europe your *grande*s have their private doctors; for instance, the consumptive young Lord de Quincy here, and Prince Rudesheimer. We have no princes but dollar-princes, but we love our only sons quite as much, and I don't see why it should be *infray* dig for a doctor to cure them when they are very, very ill."

The old man spoke these last words with much feeling. I accepted his offer of a bed in the *palazzo*, but I did not consent to be his private physician. Miss Harry jumped for joy when my decision was made known to her. From a diary that I was keeping somewhat fitfully at this time, I write down much of this narrative. It is at times flippant and cynical as you observe, but it possesses a freshness that must be its excuse. Three days ago I believed that the flesh and blood Henriette Artus was dead to me. Strange! that an old dream should suddenly become of interest in the matter-of-fact world; but you say that this painful task is absolutely necessary, so I shall not shrink from it.

I must now narrate an incident, puerile, but which led up afterwards to another incident that excited me for a time.

"Papa was looking for you," said Miss Artus one morning. "Do you think a meeting of the White Cross Society would disturb Max? We would be very quiet."



"What is the White Cross Society?" "I said, aghast at the question.

"Ah, you are not an Initiate."

"A what?" I said, with a laugh.

"Ubi tres doctores dui athei," she said, laughing likewise. "Papa is always quoting that."

"Is this some new-fangled Spiritualistic Society?"

"It is as old as the universe," said the young girl, with a grave face.

"This—ceremony—whatever it is, is not to be in Max's room?"

"Oh no!"

"I must tell you that doctors don't believe in ghosts, one reason perhaps being that ghosts have had good cause not to believe in doctors."

"You believe that man is an organism, not an individuality. I know the jargon." She said this with a pretty pout.

"I ask you what good can come of this belief in ghosts?"

"And I ask you what good has ever come to the world except through ghosts?"

"My dear young lady ——"

"Oh, papa is well posted in this subject, and I hear a great deal about it. What produced, for instance, the French Revolution?"

"Are you really going to quote Madame Sand and the mystic Society of the Court St. Germain as history?"

"I am going to say nothing about the Court St. Germain. In Germany, in the year 1776, there was a young man, twenty-eight years of age, named Weishaupt. He founded a widespread mystic society, the *Areopagites*, fenced about with a very difficult initiation. Their main teaching was the same as that of Christ and Buddha, that the human race must become—One Family. Sovereigns and courts and aristocracies, and birth privileges, would have to dissolve during the transformation. These wicked democratic spirits which, as an Englishman, you must be so frightened at, leavened Europe and prepared it for the Great Emancipation." I had never seen the young girl so animated.

"Are you a Huperheet, a Hierophant?"

"At any rate, you will never be TELEIOS doctor. With Weishaupt there was an impressive ordeal. On an altar were placed jewels and gold pieces, a sceptre and a crown; and the candidate was called upon to choose between the lower and the higher life. If he preferred to be a gadfly at a court, the life of a very brilliant gadfly indeed was promised to him, a promise which those who made it were completely qualified to fulfil. But if he selected the thorny crusade against prescription he had to push away solemnly the gems and the crown. At once a picture was unveiled above the altar, a picture of ONE called the FOUNDER of ILLUMINISM."

"From your manner, Miss Artus, I must guess whom you mean."

"Has it ever struck you that the narrative of Satan offering the crown had a mystic meaning?"

"Well—I can scarcely say——"

"Why did Mara make the same offer to Buddha five hundred years before?"

"I read nothing about these things in the *Materia Medica*."

"When I visited St. Paul's and heard Canon Brocklebank bring out much learned nonsense about the refused crown, it struck me that your English Church was like a mighty organ, splendid with carvings and brass-work and stops and golden pipes, but with the bellows *torn across*."

"Are you, if I may put the question, one of these Illuminati?"

"Come to-night and you shall see."

"I'm afraid——"

"Don't be afraid. I'll guarantee that you receive no secret commission to assassinate the Lord Mayor of London——"

The enlightened nineteenth century marching into the middle of the arcana of the White Cross Society would not have found much to shock its convictions. That was my experience as I went to bed. Only one circumstance occurred that could have given even Professor Huxley an unquiet dream. Grave men of many nations and several ladies moved about and talked of ordinary affairs. They treated me civilly, but they all seemed to know that I was not a Huperheet. By and by the gas was turned very nearly out, and a prayer was uttered by a young American with long hair. His frame was a good deal convulsed, and he seemed to settle down into a mystic dreaminess before he began; but no one claimed these phenomena to be evidence of obsession by an outside intelligence. What shocked me a good deal was a little event that occurred a short time after the prayer began. In the front of the young man was a small screen of black velvet on a whatnot to the east of the apartment. Soon after the lights were extinguished, a faint cross of the pattern of the Indian Swastika began to appear on this, silvery and luminous. In the days of Paley a "miracle" was considered good evidence of the supernatural. In the days of Huxley a "miracle" is considered good evidence of the magic lantern and the *natural*.

The prayer concluded a little strangely—

"And grant, Omnipresent Spirit, that if calamity is approaching this household, they may learn the true meaning of the Mighty Symbol, the Flame, the Bush, and the Three Veils." Soon after this they held what they called a "chapter," and turned me out.

The refined beauty of Henriette Artus at this time was patent alike to artist and empty dandy. She had wit, feeling, good sense. But if I were required to state in one word what was her leading characteristic in my mind, I should say it was her *simplicity*. A London medical man has one great advantage, he sees all sorts and conditions of men and women; duchesses, wise men, beauties, barmaids, and he sees them without their wadding and rouge and buckram. I am acquainted with one English beauty, high born, admired, self-sacrificing, and she is almost perfectly natural. The same may be said of another patient of mine, a milkmaid. But in an artificial old Brahminic society, like that of England, such developments

are difficult. If I have sprung from the thigh of the great god Brahma, is it possible for me to completely put on one side that imposing consciousness? With Frenchwomen, and Americans who imitate them, simplicity is a sheer impossibility. But on rare occasions an American woman does full justice to her unconventional advantages. Henriette Artus was such a woman, simple, fresh, refined.

No doubt in these days she was the petted child of fortune. Her father was very, very rich. She was an heiress and a beauty; and in her luxurious palace almost divided with the King and Pontiff the sway of the Eternal City. A bevy of foreign princes were always at her feet. In this worship the culte of Neri and Bianchi assimilated; for the illustrious Princess Frascati (née Sandusky, Jacksonville, Alab., U.S.) was, as I have shown, a friend of hers. The proud Lady Sherwood, supremely insolent to all the rest of the world, petted her; for the proud Lady Sherwood had a bankrupt son, a merry outlaw, Lord Robin Hood. Lady Priory, a very exemplary lady indeed, gave her good books. And Madame de la Roche Gruyère, the wife of the French Ambassador, went mad with envy at being constantly eclipsed by the young girl in the matter of dress. She did not reflect that the reason of this was on the surface. In the one case it was a dress *plus* a woman, in the other it was a woman *plus* a dress.

"Doctor, you are always at work of some sort, and always in-doors."

"And consequently always in the way, Miss Artus."

"Oh, no, but you look as if a drive would do you good. Papa and I are going out, and he wants you to come with us."

"And my patient?"

"Oh, he is so much better, thanks to you. The dear old scamp gave me such a fright. I thought we had lost him."

"In the matter of his recovery you have as much to say as I have. You watched at his bedside until, as a physician, I was bound to interfere and threaten you with Dr. Cotrone."

"Do you know that he is beautifully penitent now?"

"Dr. Cotrone!"

"No, not Dr. Cotrone," she said, with a tinge of humour, "Maximilian Artus is beautifully penitent, but when he gets well he will gamble again, I'm sure he will."

"I hope not, I think he has had a lesson."

"I don't know. When I had the malaria a year ago, I was beautifully penitent likewise. I designed a life of brilliant self-abnegation, Sunday schools, sermons, and that style of thing. Furthermore I determined to forever renounce all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

"What are they?"

"Well I don't quite know, but I think Cardinal's receptions and balls at the Princess Bologna's sound very like pomps, and Paris dresses and flirtations are a little like vanities."

"Have you renounced them?"

She replied by pursing up her little mouth in a very funny way, "No! this dress is not exactly a sham nun's sham dress like that of Lady Ursula, Lady Priory's eldest daughter; and, if it were, I don't know that the pomps and vanities would have been altogether eliminated from it. Here comes the carriage. We will drive to Caius Cestius and ponder over the graves of Shelley and Keats. I weep for Adonais, he is dead!"

"I cannot come, I assure you. A medical man has to design wonderful doses of physic all day long, study abstract treatises on lumbago—"

"If you do not come I will *never* speak to you again."

In five minutes the neat barouche of Mr. Artus was driving briskly along the Roman Corso. It was carrying the aforesaid gentleman, myself, and Miss Harry in a wonderful hat. We had altered our minds and were going to the Catacombs.

"I am glad to hear from my daughter, Dr. Ives, that my son is progressing so well this morning." Mr. Artus was not like the stock Yankee of the modern theatre who calculates at every sentence, and calls everybody an "oss," but, for all that, you knew he was American directly you heard him speak. It was his habit to put a funny accent upon some one word in every considerable gathering of words. "*Pro*gressing" was the word selected on the present occasion.

"We like to go to the Catacombs," said Mr. Artus, presently.

"They are very curious, as I hear."

"More than curious. How fancy you was your Europe first emancipated from the tyranny of Jupiter and his crew?"

"By a White Cross Society," I said, remembering what the daughter had told me.

"You don't believe in mysteries, as I hear?"

"Well, doctors study the body, which is susceptible of a purely scientific analysis. When their patients become ghosts, they let them alone."

"I don't say that there are not two sets of ghosts—the higher and the lower; and the lower ghosts have now a bad name from their association with quacks and cheats, for Cagliostro never dies."

"I only know of the quacks and cheats."

"For all that," pursued Mr. Artus, more animated than I had yet seen him, "ghosts have done almost all the good that has been done in the world. Socrates had his Dæmon; Christ was beset by ministering angels; Buddha had the Buddhas (dead saints) of the Ten Regions, always counselling him. Even the Reformation was imagined, not by Luther, but in the secret caves of Ziska and the Taborites. Don't ask an American how much the Quakers had to do with our independence. Thus these ghosts, if they only exist in our dreams, as you think, have been at any rate very useful ghosts, indeed."

We had now reached the Catacombs. Soon, furnished with tapers, we were wandering amongst old labyrinths, old chapels, old subterranean tombs—we were in a city of the dead!

"I asked you," said Mr. Artus, holding his taper, "how Jupiter was overturned? The answer is here."

"The Catacombs?"

"By mining operations. The Christians, both in the caves of Palestine, and in these galleries, were in the first instance—engineers."

"I see."

"Down toppled the mightiest empire of the world. Jove was undermined with pick and with shovel."

"Papa, I've found one," said Miss Harry, jumping with joy. We were in a chapel.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, advancing towards her.

"Observe, there was a White Cross Society in Rome once before." She held up her torch to the faded walls. On them was the outline that I had seen luminous on the black velvet.

"How did you select that symbol for your Society?"

"It was chosen for us." She said this with that strange solemnity that she sometimes adopted. "It is the only Christian Cross in the Catacombs."

"Was your Society founded here—I mean, in its present form?"

"The present development of it has come from America."

"Has this particular cross any express significance?" Mr. Artus had gone off with the guide, and the young girl was standing alone in the chapel. It was a tiny little cupboard of a place.

"You know all about the precession of the Equinoxes I suppose?"

"I was taught the use of the globes."

"Under what sign are we now? What was the Zodiacal constellation at the date of the Saviour?"

"If my memory of Dupuis is not wrong, the sun passed the equinox under Aries; hence, as he affirms, the importance attached to the symbolic Lamb of God."

"Your memory of Dupuis is not wrong, but he is. Under the entire Christian dispensation, the dominant asterism has been The Fish."

"That accounts," I said, "for Christ's anagram—

‘ΙΧΘΥΣ, Ἰησοῦς Χριστός Θεοῦ Υἱός Σωτήρ.’"

"This symbol in India at the date of the mystical Churning of the Ocean was called *Chakra*. It was in fact this special cross. In Japan and China, the symbol for The Fish that governesses teach us, 𩺰 is called *Tsing* (beams in the form of a cross). Dr. Cotrone, your friend, is a tremendous mystic, and he tells us all these things."

"It is all very curious." The surroundings of the place, its associations, and the earnest manner of the young girl were acting upon the imagination in spite of myself.

"In the year 2000 A.D.," said Miss Harry, "the universe will be dominated by a very potent sign, which the Easterns call THE SIGN WITH THE VASE OF ICHOR."

"Aquarius," I answered, knowing that that was the next sign.

"In all mysticisms, the Vase is all important. See here." She gave me her torch, and on two or three of the tombs I saw a rudely

sculptured vase. I had noticed it before as a favourite symbol as we walked along. An especial solemnity was creeping over me as we stood in the underground City of the Martyrs. Four scratches with a chisel made a rude palm on a tomb before me that held all that was mortal of "I. K."; but what would each of us now not give for so illustrious a sepulchre?

"Shade down the light," said Miss Artus, suddenly, in a very strange voice. It might have been the ghost of "I. K." I turned to look. She was deadly pale, and her frame was convulsed like the frame of the young man with the long hair. She appeared rapt, absorbed—like a beautiful sibyl. She pressed her hands against both her closed eyes.

"Is anything the matter? Are you well?" I said hastily.

Her only answers were unintelligible murmurs, and fresh convulsive twitches from time to time.

I took her wrist gently and felt her pulse. She gave one or two unintelligible ejaculations like a person in dreamland, and then she somewhat abruptly withdrew her hand.

I was in a great fright. Mr. Artus and the guide were I knew not where. It was plain that the young girl had found the mephitic air and the associations of the place too much for her. Suddenly she drew away the hands that screened her face, and looked at me, but *beyond me*, with a frightened stare.

"Blood—blood—everywhere!"

"Miss Artus," I said hastily.

"Everywhere!"

Man is a being, gifted with the faculty of reason and with imagination, but the latter is the strongest of the two. I remember that this weird scene horribly impressed me. The warnings of the medium in the Palazzo Aldobrandini came back upon me. Can man's poor brain pierce the future as the superstitions of the human race have everywhere asserted? The girl's beauty was quite extraordinary as she stood with a back-ground of dim designs, the "Vase," the Indian Cross, the rude palm, and other talismanic emblems. Sarcophagi were near her and an altar; and the flash of the torch heightened the shadow round her eyes, and intensified her sibylline appearance. Was I. K. a young and beautiful woman? Was she a "discerner of spirits," as St. Paul calls it? Extasia was, without doubt, the moving spring of action of the early Christian mystics. Did I. K. stand in the present poor subterranean chapel and prophesy the trials and triumphs of her Ebionite companions? Did she tell that there were two cities, the one beneath the other, and that although men thought that the lower city was the City of the Dead, the unreality belonged to the Second City? Did she predict that light was to burst on the pompous palaces and temples of the city of ghostland in the shape of martyrs hung up as lamps? If so, I feel convinced that she must have looked like Henriette on the present occasion, awe-struck, weird, imposing.

"ONE, TWO," murmured the young girl with a look that was



almost appalling—"THREE, FOUR, FIVE!" On her face was the *exact look* which you have photographed at the High Elms.

Upon the mysterious events that culminated in the stabbing of her brother, the young lady opened her mind to me a few days later.

"We spoke of gambling a short time ago—and Max."

"We did," I answered.

"Do you think that *you* can keep him from gambling when he gets well?"

"I! what influence can I have over him?"

"I don't know." And she added in another key, "I trusted you to save his life lately, and I did not know how you would save it, did I?"

"I am really ready Miss Artus to do all I can," I said with some enthusiasm. The tone of confidence implied in her last speech had gone home deeply.

"I have been promised the same thing before by another, and yet the boy gambled as much as ever." She said this in a musing voice. Had it any reference to Captain Frank Kingsbury?

"Who makes him gamble? When did he begin it? Was he always fond of it?"

"No, he was not always fond of it, although in America he was wild, and used to gamble a little. Captain Kingsbury and he went to Prince Presto's house one night, and they were both obliged to join in the play there going on. Both won. And then Captain Kingsbury cautioned Max against the Prince, and said he was a dangerous man. I believe he cheats."

"It is quite possible."

"Max won at first, and got sillily elated. They let him win, poor boy! Oh don't be astonished at my suspicions, women have got instinct. I am sure Prince Presto let him win at first. And then he was obliged to give them their revenge, and then he lost and grew wild. I'm sure he beat Prince Presto before that terrible business——"

"And you think it was Prince Presto that stabbed him?"

"I am sure of it. Woman has her poor instinct to do duty for reasoning powers. Do you know a Mr. Barringer here?"

"What, the capitalist?"

"Yes, capitalist, speculator, it seems all the same thing. He, too, is a very dangerous man. I feel convinced of that."

"You think him a rogue?"

"I knew it the first day I saw him. Papa picked him up I do not know how, but I felt at once that sort of shudder that folks are supposed to feel when some one walks over their grave."

"My dear young lady, are you sure that these are not unhealthy fancies? Remark you are trenching upon my province——"

"Women know nothing of debentures and preference shares, and 'bulls' and 'bears.' Their reasoning powers perhaps are totally wanting; but they detect a rogue through triple armour—that is, when they are not in love."

"That makes a difference."

"And they know, also, when those they love are unhappy, and can often accurately guess why. Barringer and my papa have got very intimate lately, and Barringer is the cause of my papa's disquiet."

"You alarm me!—what do you suspect?"

"What do unreasoning animals know about debentures and price lists? All men are gamblers—Max with his cards, papa with his shares."

"And doctors pray for windfalls of sick duchesses."

"When I was a very little girl papa was a clerk in a bank, and we lived in a very little house, oh so pokey and small, but oh so cosey. He said to me one day, 'What will Harry have for a Christmas present?' 'I want a fine palace and I want a fine *prince*!' I answered. Ideal gardens and orange groves and terraces like these, and marble statues with a bright prince, carved out like that Antinous over there, float before the mind of most Cinderellas. Papa remembered the request, and toiled on day and night to gratify it. The palaces have come and the Prince! but fairy wishes do not always bring perfect content."

I certainly had hard work to bring round my patient. The attack of erysipelas was a very severe one, and the young man very reckless, but he had much pluck and *go* in him.

"I'm not *played out* by any means yet, doctor," he said to me one day in the vernacular of his native land.

He was full of fun and animation, and was much given to an American form of humour which consists in coining words which resemble real words, such as "solemncholy" for "melancholy," and "It don't much magnify" for "It don't much signify."

This trick is especially feasible when you get amongst our irregular past participles and past tenses, such as "he smole" as a past for the verb to "smile."

One day he was able to get to the drawing-room; but he caught a cold in the process, and was again confined to his bedchamber.

"*Je suis en rhumê.* I am *en-roomed*." This was his joke to Lord Robin Hood and a French visitor, the Count Badeau.

What calamities were these whose shadows were approaching? The clairvoyant had prophesied them. Miss Harry prophesied them in her normal state; and in her trance vision she had uttered words that kept me awake at night. I discovered that she had no idea of what she had then said, and I kept my secret.

(*To be Continued*).